

THE WAR CRY.

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND

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General

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HE THAT SOWETH TO HIS FLESH SHALL OF THE FLESH REAP CORRUPTION;
BUT HE THAT SOWETH TO THE SPIRIT SHALL OF THE SPIRIT REAP LIFE
EVERLASTING.—Gal. vi. 8.

CUTLERS FROM SONGS THAT LIVE.

Many of the most beautiful songs in the language have been written by women. For example, the "Just as I am," and "My God, my Father, while I stray" of Charlotte Elliott. She was born in 1789, and, though an invalid for many years, lived down to 1871. Her verse is praised for its tenderness of feeling, plaintive simplicity, deep devotion, and perfect rhythm, and it is truly said that "for those in sickness and in sorrow, she has sung as few others have done."

Those who demand so insistently the "original" versions of famous songs, will be surprised to find that the concluding lines of Cowper's "God moves in a mysterious way" were not:—

The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower;

but:—

The bud may have a bitter taste,
But wait to smell the flower.

Of Mrs. Luke's songs for children, "I think when I read that sweet story of old," it is said that it was composed in 1841 in a stage coach between Wellington and Taunton. The authoress was studying the Normal system at the school in Gray's Inn Road, and was struck by the air of one of the marching pieces there. She searched for words to fit it, but could find none that were satisfactory; and so she wrote the first two verses on an old envelope in the coach, of which she was the only passenger, adding a third to make it a missionary hymn.

Cowper's "O for a closer walk with God" was written on December 6, 1793. A letter of the poet recently published for the first time, says: "I began to compose the verses yesterday morning before breakfast, but fell asleep at the end of the first two lines. When I awakened again, the third and fourth were whispered to my heart in a way which I have often experienced.—Bandsman and Songster.

NO KID GLOVE WARFARE.

At the penitent form of a London Corps, a young man, fashionably attired, knelt at the close of the holiness meeting on Sunday morning.

A Local Officer stepped forward to deal with him, and, kneeling by his side, listened with joy, to his heart's confession.

The young man is now an Officer in the Foreign Field, and, therefore, there can be no breach of confidence in stating that it was pride which he had come to get rid of at the mercy seat.

The son of Salvationists, he had allowed the feeling to creep into his



heart that he could do better than his parents. He wanted to win souls, but why should he not do it in a more "respectable" way than that of going to look for them in the haunts of sin and misery? In the holiness meeting he realised that God did not want him to go into the War with kid gloves on, and he had the good sense to leave them—as well as his dauntless cane—on the altar!

On the way home the Penitent-Form-Sergeant talked over this beautiful case of "I surrender all" with the Sergeant-Major. There was no secret about it, for as soon as the young man got the victory bestowed up and informed the corps of just what he had done, adding that he was going home in order to farewell for the Training Home as soon as Headquarters had accepted him.—Local Officer.

TWO KINDS OF THANKSGIVING.

One prayed aloud his thanks, and many heard—

But when he passed forth from the house of prayer

He wore upon his face his secrets bare,

While those who met him sighed, and thought with pain

Of all the year had lost them, of the reign

Of grief and sorrow on this earth of ours.

One wore upon his face the smile of peace.

As if he held communion close with God,

And loved the world, and all who on it trod;

And those who met him smiled, and thought how fair

The world must be to him—and straightway there

Rose in their hearts a glad thanksgiving hymn.—Field Officer.

A WRONG PRACTICE.

The Habit of Skipping Hard Things.

"Some people have the habit of skipping everything that is difficult.

This habit begins in childhood in school. Easy lessons are learnt because they need no great effort. But when a hard one comes in the course, it is given up after a half-hearted trial. When reading a story, the hard word is skipped over, not mastered.

The habit thus allowed to start from childhood easily finds its way into all the life. The boy does the

same in the playground. When the game nears a special exertion he gets tired so fairly. When it is hotly contested, and the victory can only be won by a struggle, he drops it. He does not have the persistence for a great struggle.

The girl who lets her school lessons master her, who leaves the hard words unread, and the hard problems unsolved, soon begins to let other hard things to master her. The home tasks that are disagreeable, or that require special effort, she leaves unattempted, or to her sister.

And so, at last, the habit of doing only what is easy and pleasant, and skipping what is hard and disagreeable, pervades the whole life, with the result that nothing brave or noble is ever accomplished, and the person never rises to any thing above the commonplace.—The Y. P.

LOOKING FOR WORK.

In conversation with an ex-soldier, who had seen many years' service in India, the writer learned some valuable information as to the dogged tenacity which animates such a man in the long-drawn-out torture of seeking for work in vain. Some time ago he called in answer to an advertisement requiring savers. Arrived at the scene (it was High Holborn) he found about two hundred men waiting, out of whom five were chosen, and these, of course, the strongest, and least in want.

It was always the same, he said. He had put down half-crown after half-crown with agony, in return for the intimation that "his name would be entered on the books," perhaps, along with scores of others.

On one occasion he put down five shillings, on the understanding that he would be written to in a fortnight. That time passed, and there was no letter; and when he went to demand an explanation, he was invited to deposit an additional sum of fifteen shillings and work would assuredly be forthcoming within three weeks.

"To him that hath shall be given," he thought in the bitterness of his heart. What need to recount the rest of his story—the taking to the road, the odd job here and there, the casual work and so on, until he was forced into London again by the rigours of winter?

"I felt like one of those wild beasts out in India," he remarked, "and stood and laughed at myself coming in just like they do from the plains and the hills to the villages, because they can't get anything to eat."—Social Gazette.

CONTEMPT PARADISE

THE SUGAR PLANTER'S STORY.

I was born in Scotland, my father having come there from China, where he was a missionary for fifteen years. That was in 1869. Early in 1871, I was brought up to Demerara by my parents, my father having been appointed to take charge of our child, hood days in Demerara, I was sent to Scotland to be educated. When I left school I entered a Solicitor's Office, having made up my mind to be come a lawyer; but, my dear father's death taking place just about the time I was starting out into the world, my plans were disarranged, and I came to Demerara to follow the life of a planter. I became a Sugar Planter out here.

When I started as an overseer, I was led into all manner of vices, amongst the worst, that of strong drink. I only used to take a little at first, like all the rest of my companions, but I soon learned to play cards and to swear and gamble; I thought I was a very big man.

In spite of my sins I made headway in my work, and became a Deputy-Manager. On two occasions I acted as Manager, but still, I was drinking much more than was good for me. In the end I was disappointed in not getting a full management, and to use my own words, I began to drink heavier and heavier. At last the bottle fell, and I lost my position and was compelled to seek another place. But I was a lost man and could not keep any situation I got, longer than a few months or so.

Now, thank God, at last I have found the folly of my ways, and have found Christ. I feel a new man, and can now look up in the face of heaven to serve God in the ranks of The Salvation Army.—West Indian Cry.

Earnestness Necessary.

A young Brahmin put this question to a missionary, "Do the Christian people of England really believe that it would be a good thing for the people of India to become Christians?"

"Why, yes, to be sure they do," he replied.

"Why, then, do they send so few men to preach their religion? When there are vacancies in the Civil Service, there are numerous applicants at once; when there is a military expedition, a hundred officers volunteer for it; in commercial enterprises, also, you are full of activity, and always have a strong staff. But it is different with your religion. How can the Christians of England expect to convert the people of India from their hoary faith with so little effort on their part?"

The Praying League

Prayer Topic: Pray for our dear Officers, who are toiling for God in hard, difficult posts, beset with temptations peculiar to loneliness, poverty, and unbelief.

Sunday, June 7th.—The Transfiguration. Luke ix. 28-29; Matt. xvii. 2-13; Mark ix. 10, 11.

Monday, June 8th.—The Power of Faith. Mark ix. 14-28; Matt. xvii. 20.

Tuesday, June 9th.—Be Childlike! Mark ix. 30-36; Luke ix. 43, 44; Matt. xvii. 24-27.

Wednesday, June 10th.—Don't Fight Your Friends. Luke ix. 49, 50; Mark ix. 41-50; Matt. xviii. 7-20.

Thursday, June 11th.—Do As You Would Be Done By. Matt. xviii. 21-35.

Friday, June 12th.—Obedience the Way to Knowledge. John vii. 2-24.

Saturday, June 13th.—Divided Opinions. John vii. 25-52.

Wonderful campaigns of prayer with its God-promised accompaniments of Divine power, salvation and blessing have been taking place upon the Continent of Europe, in Salvation Army circles, during the past few months.

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Cooke have been the human instruments through whom God has been pleased to work.

In Holland, Switzerland, and such difficult and arid fields as Belgium and France (both North and South) wondrous scenes have been witnessed—men, women and children have been broken down, sin-stricken, and knelt at the mercy seat. In giddy Paris alone, one hundred and twenty-nine souls were gathered in. These results are said to be not due to extraordinary methods employed or to a human display of superior gifts, but simply to letting God have His own way, removing all obstacles to His

Spirit's work in the individual worker, and to absolute and immediate obedience to the leadings of His Spirit. Are not these simple conditions open to every Corps and Outpost throughout the Dominion? And may we not expect and receive like blessings, if we will but fall into line with God, and make room for His Spirit's work?

Seven million terms are applied to prayer in the Book of James:—

"Whosoever—Whosoever—Whosoever—Any—All—Everything—Every."

Here is an open door indeed! Who amongst us will enter and claim the fulness of blessing?—N.S.

AVERTING A DROUGHT.

The following story comes from South Africa:—

At a place called Cantele, not a drop of rain had fallen for a month, even though it was the usual rainy season. In consequence, the crops were dying and the whole district was faced with distress. At length, in their despair,

the natives of the district gathered together and requested Major Waxfield to set apart a day for prayer for rain. The following Sunday was chosen, and from early morning, earnest petition was made that God would be pleased to give the countryside the rain, for which it was perishing.

Every afternoon the clouds gathered up in black masses, but just as they looked like breaking in copious showers they would pass away in the distance. On this Sunday afternoon, they gathered up in the usual fashion, but while the Officers and converts were praying, and numbers of the heathen were bowing before God with them, there was a sudden thunderclap, followed by a downpour of rain, that lasted for four hours.

A great impression was made on the whole district, and many heartfelt expressions of thankfulness were voiced for so marked an intervention of Providence, and deliverance from drought, destruction of the young crops and consequent famine.

WHO CARES? By the General.

A Striking Vision, in Which The General Sees Things As They Are, and tells How They May Be Remedied.

DURING one of my recent journeys I was led out into a train of thought respecting the conditions of the multitudes around me, living regardless of all that concerned their eternal welfare, and in the most open and shameless rebellion against God. I looked out upon the millions of people around me given up to their drink and their pleasure, and their dancing and their music, and their business and their anxieties, and their politics and their troubles, and thousands of other things; ignorant—willfully ignorant, in many cases: in all of them sweeping on and up, in their blasphemies and devilries, to the Throne of God; and while thus musing, I had a vision.

I saw a dark and stormy ocean. Over it the black clouds hung heavily; through them every now and then, vivid lightnings flashed, and loud thunders rolled, while the winds moaned, and the waves rose to foam and fret and break again.

In the Angry Waters.

In that ocean I thought I saw myriads of poor human beings plunging and floating, and shouting and shrieking, and cursing and struggling, and drowning; and as they cursed and shrieked, they rose and shrieked again, and then sank to rise no more.

And out of this dark, angry ocean I saw a mighty rock, that rose up with its summit towering high above the black clouds that overhung the stormy sea; and all round the base of this rock I saw a vast platform; and on this platform I saw with delight a number of the poor, struggling, drowning wretches continually climbing out of the angry ocean; and I saw that a number of those who were already safe on the platform were helping the poor wretches still in the angry waters to reach the same place of safety.

On looking more closely, I found a number of those who had been rescued, scheming and contriving, by ladders and ropes and boats and other expedients, more effectually to deliver the poor strugglers out of this sea. Here and there were some, who actually jumped into the water, regardless of all consequences, in their eagerness to "rescue the perishing;" and I hardly know which gladdened me most—the sight of the poor people climbing on to the rocks, and so reaching the place of safety, or the devotion and self-sacrifice of those whose whole being was wrapped up in efforts for their deliverance.

And as I looked, I saw that the occupants were quite a mixed company: That is, they were divided into different "sets" or castes, and occupied themselves with different pleasures and enjoyments; but only a few of them seemed to make it their business to get the people out of the sea.

They Had No Care.

But what puzzled me most, was the fact that though all had been rescued at one time or another from the ocean, nearly everyone seemed to have forgotten all about it. Anyway, the memory of its darkness and danger no longer troubled them. Then, what was equally strange and perplexing to me, was that these people did not seem to have any care—that is, any agonising care—about the poor, perishing ones who were struggling and drowning before their eyes, many of whom were their own husbands and wives, and mothers and sisters, and children.

And this unconcern could not have been the result of ignorance, because they lived right in sight of it all, and talked about it sometimes, and regularly went to hear lectures in which the awful state of the poor drowning creatures was described.

I have already said that the occupants of this platform were engaged in different pursuits. Some of them were engaged night and day in trading, in order to make gain, storing up their savings in boxes, strong rooms, and the like.

Many spent their time in amusing themselves with growing flowers on the side of the rock; others in painting pieces of cloth, or in playing music, or in dressing themselves up in different styles, and walking about to be admired.

Some occupied themselves chiefly in eating and drinking, others were greatly taken up with arguing about the poor drowning creatures in the sea, and as to what would become of them in the future, while many contented themselves that they did their duty to the perishing creatures by the performance of curious religious ceremonies.

On looking more closely, I found that some of the crowd who had reached the place of safety had discovered a passage up the rock leading to a higher platform still, which was fairly above the black clouds that overhung the ocean, and from which they had a good view of the mainland, not very far away, and to which they expected to be taken off at some distant day. Here they passed their time in pleasant thoughts,

congratulating themselves and one another on their good fortune in being rescued from the stormy deep, and singing songs about the happiness that would be theirs when they should be taken to the mainland, which they imagined they could plainly distinguish just "over there."

All this time the struggling, shrieking multitudes were floating about in the dark sea, quite near by—so near that they could easily have been rescued. Instead of which they were perishing in full view, not only one by one, but sinking down in shoals every day, in the angry water.

An Energetic People.

And as I looked, I found that the handful of people on the platform, whom I had observed before, were still struggling with their rescue work—oh, God! how I wished there had been a multitude of them! Indeed, these toilers seemed to do little else but fret and weep, and toll, and scheme, for the perishing people. They gave themselves no rest, and sadly bothered everyone they could get around them by persistently entreating them to come to their assistance. In fact, they became to be voted a real nuisance by many quite benevolent and kind-hearted people, and by some who were very religious, too. But still they went on, spending all they had, and all they could get on boats and rafts, and drags and ropes, and every other imaginable device they could invent for saving the poor, wretched, drowning people.

A few others did much the same thing at times, working hard in their way; but the people who chiefly attracted my attention were at the business all the year round; indeed, they made such a terrible to-do about it, and went at it with such fierceness and fury, that many even of those who were doing the same kind of work, only in a milder way, were quite angry with them, and called them mad.

The Great Rescuer.

And then I saw something more wonderful still. The miseries and agonies, and perils and blasphemies, of these poor struggling people in this dark sea moved the pity of the great God in Heaven; moved it so much, that He sent a Great Being to deliver them. And I thought that this Great Being whom Jehovah sent, came straight from His palace, right through the black clouds, and leaped right into the raging sea, among the drowning, sinking people; and there I saw Him toiling to rescue them, with tears and cries, until the sweat of His great anguish ran down in blood. And as He toiled and embraced the wretches, and tried to lift them on to the rock, He was continually crying to those already rescued—to those whom He had helped up with His own bleeding hands—to come and help Him in the painful and laborious task of saving their fellows.

And what seemed to me most passing strange, was that those on the platform to whom He called, who heard His voice, and felt they ought to obey it—at least, they said they did—those who loved Him much, and were full of sympathy with Him in the task He had undertaken—who worshipped Him, or who professed to do so—were so taken up with their trades and professions, and money-saving and pleasures, and families and circles, and religious and arguments about it, and preparation for going to the mainland, that they did not attend to the cry that came to them from this wonderful Being, who had Himself gone down into the sea. Anyway, if they heard it, they did not heed it; they did not care; and so the multitude went on struggling, and shrieking, and drowning in the darkness.

Fallen Back.

And then I saw something that seemed to me stranger than anything that had gone before in this strange vision. I saw that some of these people on the platform, whom this wonderful Being wanted to come and help Him in His difficult task, were always praying and crying to Him to come to them.

Some wanted Him to come and stay with them, and spend His time and strength in making them happier.

Others wanted Him to come and take away various doubts and misgivings they had respecting the truth of some letters which He had written them.

Some wanted Him to come and make them feel more secure on the rock—so secure that they would be quite sure they should never slip off again. Numbers of others wanted Him to make them feel quite certain that they would really get on to the mainland some day; because, as a matter of fact, it was well known that some had walked so carelessly as to miss their footing, and had fallen back again into the stormy waters.

(Continued on page 16.)

BAND CHAT.

Native Work in South Africa.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF EARLY DAYS.



Native Children at Physical Drill.

After considerable correspondence, waiting on the City Fathers, and the presenting of a largely-signed petition, the Stratford Braves, with their C. O., Ensign Trickey, have just had \$100.00 appropriated by the City Council, for their Band. The city dailies and citizens generally, highly commend the Band's playing. New uniforms are contemplated, which will add considerably to the Band's appearance.

The Town Council of Huntsville recently gave a grant of \$25.00 to the Brass Band, for the good music that they have furnished on the streets from time to time.

The New Aberdeen Band went to Bridgeport one Sunday afternoon, in the interests of Self-Denial. Crowds came to listen to their playing, and the Hall, which was kindly loaned to us, was packed.

The Vancouver I. Band is progressing famously. Last Wednesday night a meeting of a peculiar kind was held. It was taken by the bachelors of the Corps. The single Band Boys turned out well, although small in number, they rendered the music very creditably. The testimony meeting was led by Bandsman Sims, who proved to be very capable. We are pleased to say that our long-looked-for soprano and new music has arrived. We are now in first-class condition, and working hard with our new Journal. Bandsmaster Redburn has his heart in the work, and is very busy just now with the teaching of the new music.

Our commanding Officers Adjutant McCann and Captain Daubreville, are taking a great interest in the welfare of the Band, both musically and spiritually. We have sent an order in for a new set of Band pouches, which we hope to have within the next few weeks.—Frederick Stride.

Bandmaster Green and the Peterborough Bandsmen are working hard to bring the Band up to the front rank and to make this year the best in the Band's history. We had a helpful visit from the Toronto Temple Band at Easter, which not only proved a blessing to all who heard their splendid playing, but a great help to the Bandsmen, and a return visit will be greatly appreciated by the Bandsmen and citizens of Peterborough.

Easter Sunday the Peterborough Band appeared in new summer tunics, which reflects great credit on the Uniform Department at Toronto, not only for the style and fit, but for the promptness of fulfilling the order.

The spiritual side of the Band is being looked after by Brother Cunningham, who has just been appointed Band Sergeant. He is a man of God and the boys are receiving much spiritual help and blessing from him. Our bass section has been greatly helped by another Bb Monster Bass, silver-plated, just received from Headquarters. It is a splendid instrument. Brother Gray is the new monster player. Brigadier Hargrave dedicated the instrument.

Our Band is going in for an examination on the theory of music. Our Bandsmaster is giving us six weeks for study. We are to have a number of questions on theory, and all members are expected to get sixty per cent. right. This is being done to raise the efficiency of each Bandsman.

The Band visited Campbellford on Saturday and Sunday, May 23rd and 24th, and will visit Lindsay at an early date.

THE Salvation Army in South Africa, is at work at some thirty widely-scattered centres in Matabeleland, Zululand, Natal, Basaland, and Amaxosa.

Native work is also carried on in the big towns where the white population predominates, notably at Johannesburg, King William's Town, Port Elizabeth, and Kimberley. Indeed, it may be said, that wherever our work is established anywhere between, say, Salisbury and Cape Town, the native is in evidence, and our Officers are called upon to teach them and lead them step by step into the Kingdom of Heaven.

There are also nineteen Schools of The Army, some of which receive a Government grant, and scholars who attend them pay a fee in cash, kind, or labour, each of which is, of course, a centre of enlightenment and blessing.

The present position of The Army in regard to native work in Africa, has not been gained without sacrifice, which has not stopped short of even life itself.

In early days, The Army had to feel its way. On the principle of being a native to natives, our comrades tried to accustom themselves to walking without footwear of any kind, and wore but the simplest dress.

What long, lonely tramps in the burning sun, were endured to reach distant kraals, in order to carry the Message of Life to the people! How cautiously our Officers had to move, in order to ingratiate themselves with the native chiefs! What careful study of the native mind and moods was required to lay the foundations aright! But it was all done cheerfully and without complaint, and here a little and there a little, the good seed sown sprang up and brought forth fruit.

Forty-five miles from Pietermaritzburg is Sevenoaks, situated in the Grey Town District, Natal. Here, too, the early pioneers might have been seen, shoeless, and clad in light flannel garments, going from kraal to kraal, and always telling the same story of the love of God for all men. It was an experiment. To-day our Officers adopt a different method. But all experience has to be paid for.

It was so in regard to learning the language. "Throw away your grammar-books, and mix up with the people, and learn from them," sounded good advice to the Major and others who were grappling with this

difficulty. So they threw them aside and moved amongst the people, learning a little every day. The advice was not altogether good and in due course our comrades had to come back to the much despised primers.

One Officer knows better now than he did one day, when he killed a snake in the presence of native on-lookers. The attitude of the natives on this simple incident was a mystery until he remembered that the Zulus and other tribes worship their ancestors, whose spirits, when they pass away, they believe, enter reptiles. "It is not a good thing to see a Salvationist killing one's grandfather!" argues the native. So he objects to snake-killing, and in his own particular way.

The Zulus, our comrades found as a whole, are by no means, the beer-drinking, water-hating tribe of some people's imagination. For the greater part, they are a sober, clean, fine type of men, who, making all allowance for their upbringing, could be good, and brave and generous on occasion.

The coming of the white man, however, has not always made for moral improvement. And this is not the least of the difficulties with which our comrades of the early days had to deal.

At first the men Officers lived in a single beehive kraal, with but one window to it, and that the door!

This "edifice" they erected with their own hands. It served as a Headquarters, residence, meeting place, council chamber, and social rendezvous for all and sundry. It consisted of but one apartment, which was cutained off with cretonne as required for bedroom, offices, living rooms, according to the exigencies of the moment. This method had its inconveniences, as may be imagined, but it simplified things considerably.

Blocks of wood served for seats at meeting time, with a provision box as a kind of improvised pulpit. In the half lights, the sight of the shining eyes and teeth and upturned faces of the audience presented a picture once seen never forgotten. Of those who heard the message, here one and there one came out boldly as Soldiers of God and The Army; though it must be confessed the work was very discouraging, for the labour was hard and incessant, and the result was so little.

In those days, horses and mules were an unheard-of luxury, and it was by no means uncommon to spend from eight to twelve hours a day journeying on foot from kraal to

kraal. To this day horses are not a success at some of our mission stations. Just as they get into the way of living, they die—a most inconvenient habit, as well as a costly one.

All the hardship is worth while, one of our comrades (Major Clark) contends, if souls are being won from heathenism to Christ. The Major relates the story of the conversion of an old warrior chief, one Ntshobongo. He came to look upon the Salvationists as the teachers of himself and his people, and allowed them to hold meetings in his kraal.

Those meetings! The only air exit was the door, and a smouldering fire occupied the centre of the kraal. What with the smoke and the natives, the atmosphere was all but unbearably.

The Major found the best method of procedure was to get his head as near the floor as possible before beginning his address.

The light of salvation dawned gradually on the old chief, who at the close of a memorable meeting asked leave to speak. Kneeling with his hands on the ground (for he was a very heavy ponderous man) he spoke as follows:—

"My children, we understand what the Salvationist teachers have been telling us about sacrifice. We have always been sacrificing to the spirits, in order that their anger might be taken away, and that we might receive their blessings. Now, through our teachers, we understand that Christ has made the great sacrifice, and through Him we shall not be turned away."

Then the chief professed his faith in Christ, and exhorted his followers to avow the allegiance to Him likewise. Some of the chief's dependants also followed the example of their lord and master. So was the good work spread.

A Troubled Monarch.

Regarding the situation in Afghanistan, Reuter's Agency publishes a statement from a British lady who has been in Kabul for the last two years, in close touch with the Ameer and the royal family, in a medical capacity. She says that there has been general unrest for some time past, and that Prince Nasrullah, the Ameer's brother, is plotting the downfall of the Ameer. Taking advantage of his brother's absence from Kabul, Nasrullah introduced into the capital, a number of Turkish subjects, nonnally doctors, engineers and teachers, all of whom have been supplied with good posts. This caused the Ameer much dissatisfaction when he heard of it, and he refuses to give audience to these people.

The Ameer is greatly troubled by the political intrigues that are going on around him, and has been thoroughly ill ever since his return to Kabul, his malady being not so much physical as mental. He knows of the plots that are going on, yet feels that he is not strong enough to stand against them.

Another illustration of the saying: "Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown."

Lieut.-Col. Damon, from U. S. A., Will give his Stereopticon Lecture entitled, "In Darkest America," in THE TEMPLE, on Monday, June 15th, at 8 p.m. This is a very interesting and comprehensive lecture, illustrated by about 150 slides. Col.onel Sowton will preside.

THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS.

Opium in China.

The United States Government has proposed that the International Conference for the discussion of the opium trade shall be held at Shanghai, on January 1st 1909. The powers will send representatives to this conference, who will fix upon the details for the cessation of the cultivation of opium within the territories, in order to assist China in the suppression of the use of opium among the Chinese people. The French Government has accepted the American proposition, and it is to be hoped that something will be done to remove this curse from China's millions.

Home Rule for Iceland.

It has been recommended to the King of Denmark that Iceland shall be constituted a free self-ruling and independent country, united to Denmark by common King and common interest, and forming with Denmark a state federation—the United Danish Empire.

If the Bill passes, King Frederick will be entitled to call himself King of Denmark and King of Iceland. Various concessions have been granted to Iceland, giving a greater degree of independence. The Icelandic treasury will contribute to the King's civil list, and Icelanders and Danes shall enjoy equal rights in both countries. It is provided also, that the law may be revised after twenty-five years, and the agreement partially renounced, should it be impossible to reach an agreement on a new law. This arrangement, provides for a common Kingship, a common ministry of foreign affairs, and a common system of defence.

The French in Morocco.

General Vigué, the commander of the French forces in Morocco, says, in his official despatches, that he has occupied Bouenih, the stronghold of the Hassani, after vigorously shelling the tribesmen, who numbered six thousand. The enemy dispersed in all directions, abandoning their camp and large quantities of stores and ammunition. They suffered severe losses, owing to the admirable handling of the artillery by the French. The latter lost three men killed and nine wounded. According to the despatches, the occupation has had a widespread effect throughout the region, a number of submissions already having resulted.

Preserving Order in Corea.

The condition of things in Corea is said to be improving. Prince Ito, resident general at Chemulpo, is determined to suppress the disorderly elements, so that the peaceful farming population may prosecute their work in the outlying districts, where armed bands are harassing the farms and villages. Re-inforcements of Gendarmes, numbering about five thousand, have arrived in Corea, and will be scattered throughout the country.

The Prince has issued strict instructions to Japanese soldiers and civilians, that they must not treat the Koreans as a conquered people, but the rights of all law-abiding citizens must be respected under penalty of severe punishment. Four thousand Korean Police under Japanese Officers, will be enlisted and trained.

Kurdish Marauders.

It is reported from Urumia, a Persian town near the Russian border, that two thousand Kurds are making an expedition of pillage and murder, burning villages, destroying telegraphs, and killing and plundering as they go.

Fourteen villages have been attacked. In some of the villages have offered armed resistance, and there has been heavy fighting, with a large number killed. In other villages, the inhabitants fled as the Kurds approached into the mountains. Many—especially women—were captured by the Kurds and carried off into captivity.

A grim tragedy was enacted in the village of Dumatchin, where a great number of the inhabitants took refuge in a mosque. The Kurds set fire to the building, and all within it perished in the flames.

Russian troops have been despatched from Tiflis.

A Dissatisfied Artist.

Because he thought that his pictures were unsatisfactory, Claude Monet, a French artist, destroyed half a million francs' worth of his work. It had cost him three years' constant labour to produce them, and in a short time, he had utterly spoilt them. The ruined pictures were to be the leading feature of an exhibition recently opened in Paris.

Pictures by Monet are currently selling from \$6,000 to \$10,000 each, and the artist's action has aroused consternation in the art world. The pictures were unique, in that they constituted a series of remarkable studies, reflecting water under different light effects.

less importance than they were formerly. Her exports are increasing, her railways are extending, her independent ports are becoming important, and her position in relation to her neighbour to the south and to the rest of the world is more assured than ever before in her history.

It is somewhat surprising, therefore, that a candidate for the Presidency, is advocating annexation of Canada to the United States.

Indian Bomb Outrage.

A terrible bomb outrage has taken place in Muzaffarpur, a town of India, resulting in the death of two English ladies and their coachmen. The revelations which followed the outrage have created the strongest feeling that there is urgent need of legislation to repress the incitement to violence constantly appearing in the worst class of native newspapers. Loyal public opinion among all classes of Indians would certainly welcome such measures. Immediate action would have the healthiest re-

to be a mile and a third in length, and was borne in by two messengers. At the same time a hostile petition, containing over six hundred thousand signatures was borne in by seven messengers. In the discussion which followed, the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated that intemperance was now recognised to be the greatest social evil, yet politicians insisted on treating the whole subject as though it were purely a question of property. Referring to the efforts made in the Colonies for the promotion of temperance, he said that the legislation of Canada deprived the working man of opportunities for getting drunk, and that was the ideal to which they should aspire. He then called attention to the gigantic yearly drink bill of the nation—\$800,000,000—and to the conviction for drunkenness—200,000. When the Government proposed to step in to protect the children of parents who would sell their clothes and furniture in order to obtain drink, they were accused of robbery. The Government, he affirmed, amid approving cheers, would fall absolutely in their duty, if from any base fears, they were to shrink from doing all in their power to deal with intemperance, to cut out this malignant growth that was sapping the vitality of the nation.

Austrian Emperor's Jubilee.

In commemoration of the Emperor of Austria's jubilee, a demonstration was organised in which eighty-two thousand school children took part. The children were drawn up in the Imperial Park, before the royal palace of Schoenbrunn, and as the Emperor appeared on a balcony of his palace, with members of his family and court attaches in attendance, they loudly cheered him.

The school girls were bare-headed, and were dressed in white, with sashes of black and yellow. The boys wore red, with white scarfs. In front of the army of children, stood a choir of one thousand.

According to the Emperor's wish, these celebrations are being directed towards the promotion of the welfare of the children of the Empire.

In thanking the hurgomaster, the Emperor said: "I think children the loveliest things in the world. The older I grow, the more I love them."

A Royal Marriage.

The marriage of the Grand Duchess Marie and Prince William of Sweden, was celebrated on May 3rd, in the Palace at Tsarskoe Selo, in the presence of a large concourse of Royal personages. According to the custom of the Russian Court, the bride was dressed before the historic looking-glass of the Empress Anne, and donned the diamond crown and Crown jewels.

The Royal procession made its way through a long suite of rooms filled with Russian and Swedish officers, to the church. The King of Sweden and the Empress Marie came first, followed by the Tsar and the Queen of the Hellenes.

A state banquet closed the proceedings.

The Boundaries of Brazil.

At the Brazilian National Congress, which opened recently, the President stated that the international relations of Brazil are very good, and that the Government is trying to obtain a definite settlement of Brazil's boundaries with neighbouring countries. It has, he continues, now been established by Great Britain that the source of the Cotting River is not in the mountain Yakontipa, as was assumed in the award made by the King of Italy, but in the Roraima mountains, further to the Westward, as in fact it already was found to be by the Brazilian Commission of 1884. Now a new agreement between Great Britain and Brazil becomes necessary.

To do wrong to another is to inflict injury on ourselves and our own peace.



An Encounter Between Leviathans—Removing an Elephant Killed on an Assam Jungle Railway.

"The wild elephant," (says the Sphere) "was killed by a train running at night through the Nambor forest, in Assam on the Assam-Bengal Railway. The engine was derailed and the train seriously detained in consequence. The greater part of this forest was an unknown country until the railway was made through it, and was infested with wild animals of all kinds. The elephant which is here depicted as having met his death, was probably one of a herd crossing the railway, never suspecting that something still heavier and more powerful than they, had invaded their primitive jungles."

Canada and Her Neighbours.

The American Press regards the new arbitration treaty between Great Britain and the United States, as establishing a new principle in British diplomacy. Canada is more of a mistress in her own house than ever before, and hereafter, she must approve all treaty arrangements made between the Mother Country and the United States which touch Dominion interests.

With her vast territory, unlimited natural resources, and constantly-expanding trade, Canada has now assumed the proportions of a nation, with distinctive national ideas. With these changed conditions, has come a marked change in her attitude to other States. Trade concessions, now that Canada has developed her own resources by a protective policy, are of

suit, but the consent of the Home Government is necessary. The native papers all express sympathy with the innocent victims, and some horror at the crime, though some declare that it is the outcome of the influence of foreign ideas, and the refusal of the British Cabinet to grant self-government to India. That there is a dangerous agitation springing up in India is evidenced by the discovery of bombs, explosives, arms, ammunition, and anarchist literature in Calcutta. Apparently, a number of serious outrages have thus been nipped in the bud.

The British Licensing Bill.

A Monster petition in favour of the Licensing Bill now before the British House of Commons, was carried into the House on May 4th. It was said

At St. John's, Nfld.

Newfoundland Welcomes Her Provincial Commanders—An Enthusiastic Reception to Mrs. Rees.

Ever since it became known that Lieut. Colonel Rees had gone to Toronto on very special business, and that he was to bring back with him, a valuable consort, Newfoundland has been on the tip-toe of expectation.

We have a reputation on the Island for never doing things by halves, the average Newfoundlander is nothing if not thorough, and so it was only in keeping with Island Salvationists, to prepare a very enthusiastic welcome home to the bride and groom. This took tangible form last Thursday night, when, with flags flying and bands playing, the united City Corps, together with the D. O.'s of the Island, and many outside Officers—after a monster march through the streets— assembled to say God bless the Colonels.

Sharp at eight o'clock, the proceedings commenced with an old favourite song, "We are marching on," after which Ensigns Higdon and Stickland implored God's blessing on the meeting, and the newly married couple.

The Chancellor, Staff-Captain Barr, was in charge of the proceedings, and kept things going in his usual lively Scotch style. Secretary Best was the first speaker, representing the Local Officers of the Island, and in a neatly-worded speech, welcomed the Colonel and his bride to our midst.

Following him came Ensign Ashford, representing the women, and Adjutant Smith, the male Officers. Then, on behalf of the D. O.'s. Adjutant Hiscock—amid a thunder of applause, gave an eloquent tribute to the Colonel's sterling worth, and heartily welcomed his better half. Staff-Captain Holman, on behalf of the Social Work; Ensign Mercer on behalf of the Schools; and Bandmaster Cummings for the Bandmen gave nice welcome speeches. Mrs. Barr, Mrs. Higdon and others, also took prominent parts, but the centre of interest was Mrs. Colonel Rees.

"Never," said she on rising, "in all my twenty-one years of Army warfare, have I received such a hearty welcome as this that I have received to-night, and I have had many welcome meetings." She then, in a few well chosen words, expressed her delight in Newfoundland, and in the privilege of working for the Newfoundlanders; ending with an appeal for sinners to welcome Jesus to their hearts as loyally as they had welcomed her to the Island.

The Colonel then rose, amid a volley of applause, and for twenty minutes held the people with a fiery and interesting address, well spiced with humorous incidents, ending with thanks to the loyal and enthusiastic troops for all their kind expressions of kindness to him and his wife.

The following outtings are from the local press.—Captain Heberden.

Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. Rees were enthusiastically welcomed to St. John's last night in a meeting, that from start to finish was brimful of interest and pleasure. Those who took part acquitted themselves well. The addresses of welcome, being terse and earnest, were listened to with avid attention, and the spirit of sincerity that pervaded them was very apparent and pleasing. Mrs. Colonel Rees, who was introduced to the audience by Staff-Capt. Barr, made

To Save the Indians.

A Comrade's Interesting Experiences—Living Out on Fish Egg Island.



Some of Our Indian Comrades.

WE left Toronto on February 26th, bound for Halifax, to meet the "Kensington." On our way we stopped at Montreal for a day, and took advantage of the delay to visit The Army Headquarters, and other places of interest. At night we started off again, and our next stop was at St. John, N. B. As we only stayed four hours here, we only had a very brief glimpse at this ancient city, and then we were off again to our final destination on the Atlantic seaboard.

The day after our arrival at Halifax, we were shown around the city, and visited the Fort. Early next morning we were awakened and informed that the "Kensington" had arrived. This meant a hasty breakfast and a rush to the wharf. It was a

glorious morning, and the sun seemed to smile a welcome to the immigrants, as they set foot on Canadian soil, while we gave them a hearty cheer. It was a busy day for us all, and we did not get a chance to get our dinner till we were aboard The Army's special train and speeding westward.

Throughout the whole of that long journey the cooks did excellently. They had a busy time, with so many wealthy and hungry passengers on board, but they rose to the occasion very creditably.

The Inspector and Lieut. Colonel Howell both played their part admirably, in seeing that everything went well, and giving us all something to do, and the journey was a very pleasant one. Day after day we rushed through the vast forests, over mighty rivers, and across rolling

prairies, until we sighted the wonderful Rocky Mountains. Then we were all lost in wonder as our train slowly wound in and out amongst the most magnificent mountain scenery in the world. Peak after peak came into view, snow-clad and towering high above us with mighty glaciers moving slowly down their vast sides. But although we had such an interesting and pleasant trip, we were very glad to reach Vancouver, where it seemed as if we had suddenly emerged from icy winter to balmy spring.

After a short stay in this thriving and progressive coast town, I set my face towards the frozen north, and journeyed on alone, to Wrangell, Alaska, on the steamer "Cottage City." On arriving in Wrangell, Adjutant Smith gave me a warm welcome, and said he would be glad to see a few more Officers up in his dominions. I attended my first native meeting at this place. You should just hear the soldiers sing and testify—it is beautiful. After a pleasant two weeks' stay with Mrs. Adjutant Smith, Captain Thomas Smith arrived in town, and then there was a wedding in the Red Man's Hall. Next day the newly-wedded pair, accompanied by Captain Herrinton, boarded the "Teddy" and we all went to Fish Egg Island, where we spent a delightful week in our tent, the "Clap-ton."

At this place the herrings deposit their eggs in great numbers on seaweed, and kelp. The eggs are about the size of rice grains, and are gathered by the natives for food. After a strong wind they lie several inches deep on the beach. Our only available cow was a tin one, and we milked it with a spoon. Then we had to live on canned vegetables and fruit, and felt we were eating ~~not~~ indeed. Bananas could be procured for five cents each. After breaking up camp we proceeded to Kiawak, where we stayed for another week. This is where Captain Herrinton was destined for. The native soldiers were very glad to see their new Officer, the first one they have had at this place. After a pleasant, though rather rainy week we went on to Shakan. I almost expected to find the natives dressed in blankets and feathers but was agreeably surprised to see them all turn out in the garb of civilisation. Some were very bright and spoke to me in English. Instead of being of a dark copper colour, as I had fancied, I found that they were of a light complexion, and many of them quite white. Another surprise I received was when I saw their dwellings. I had expected to see wigwams and tepees, but found that they have erected substantial houses built on logs, and have christened a row of them "Beach Avenue." When the tide comes up they are all at sea, for the water washes around the logs on which the houses are built. Some of the native women have sewing machines. I discovered, and make their own clothes.

We can always tell who is at home and who is away, because they anchor their wind-jammers in our back yard—there being no other exit. If you have no boat you stay at home and "fish in your own back yard," as I did the other day, and caught a bull-head.

The village is built at the foot of a tall snow-capped mountain, which rises like a sentinel behind us. In front of us lies Shakan Bay, which, when covered with snow, makes a fine picture. This is a very mountainous country, and, as for islands, the Thousand Islands is not in it, for num-

bered those who were privileged to be present at the "Welcome" accorded to Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. Rees last night, were highly delighted with all they heard and saw. The centre of interest, of course, was the lady whom Colonel Rees has brought into our midst; and when she rose to speak, a large audience followed with deep interest, every word spoken by her. Mrs. Rees, by her unassuming manner and earnest spirit, won her way at once to the hearts of her hearers, as, in choice and expressive language, she told of her desire that her life on the Island should be one of helpfulness and blessing. Colonel Rees, who also delivered a stirring address, is to be congratulated on his good fortune, and we wish him for his and his worthy lady, a long and happy life, and a continuation of the success that has attended the labours of both.

—The Evening "Herald," St. John's.

—The Evening "Herald," St. John's.

Rescue Work at Montreal.

A Very Striking Case of a Woman's Rescue.



ber. The scenery is very beautiful, there being so many pretty bays and majestic mountains. The first Sunday I was here we had a funeral, when we laid to rest the last remains of a dear old lady Soldier. We had to go in boats to the cemetery, which is on an island. The natives bury their dead as though they had a sure hope of meeting them again. They had a black coffin with a white satin cross trimmed with rosettes of coloured ribbon. Altogether, it seemed like a time of rejoicing rather than of sadness, and as the deceased had lived and died in the Lord, we could look with gladness on her release from her suffering.

Since coming here, I have had the joy of seeing quite a number give their hearts to God, have taken part at an enrollment and dedication, and am looking forward to a pleasant and profitable time while stationed here.

NEWFOUNDLAND NEWS NOTES.

In the recent Revival at Scilly Cove, thirty-four souls were converted in two weeks.

Captain Woolfrey, of Clark's Beach, reports wonderful times during the past three months. About two hundred souls have been converted, and a large number of these made into Soldiers.

Very pleasing information comes to hand from many of our Island Corps, regarding The General's Sunday Morning Messages. These have been of untold blessing to the Soldiers, and many people come to the holiness meeting on purpose to hear these inspiring letters. In some cases the Officer has had to take the letter to the houses and read it to those who were unavoidably absent. It is hoped these letters will long be continued.

Adjutant Brown, the D. O., recently opened a new Hall at Lamaline, with excellent results. Six souls were saved and three Babies dedicated under the Flag.

In spite of the general cry of hard times, and the partial failure of the Seal Fisheries, we are glad to note that thus far, every Corps from which information is to hand, has smashed its target. Corps which last year did not get a look in, are, this time well on top. Hallelujah!

Two of our young Officers have just changed from the Yellow to the Red. God bless Captain Cairnes and Captain Stickland.

Port Boardman has experienced a wonderful outpouring of God's Spirit. Crowds of souls have been saved; a Barracks has been secured, and a Quarters is being erected. They are now crying out for Officers to be sent in.

Seventy Soldiers, all in uniform, turned out at No. 11, Corps on Sunday morning, the occasion of the first visit of Colonel and Mrs. Rees to that Corps. A rousing holiness meeting was conducted, and many got the glory.

Colonel and Mrs. Rees did the afternoon meeting at No. 117, and the night meeting at the Citadel. Both Halls were packed to the doors. Eighty-five Soldiers were on the night march.

Captains Nigelow and Stickland held on at No. 113, on Sunday night, in the absence of Captain Moulton, who is very sick. Eleven souls got converted and glory filled the place and people.

How careful should we be, as we live on God's bounty, to live to His Glory.

QUIET, unassuming, but progressive work is going on in the Montreal Rescue Home.

Last October, Adjutants Payne and Beckstead were appointed to succeed Staff-Captain Lowrie, in command of the Rescue Operations.

A Maternity Ward has now been equipped, and is able to compare very favourably with other Institutions of a similar character. A competent physician responded gladly and willingly to Adjutant Payne's request for his honorary services, and holds himself in readiness for any call, day or night. From the professional point of view, he expressed himself delighted with the changes effected, and declared that the ward was now equal to that of any private Hospital.

The two first cases have been entirely satisfactory, as well from the Salvationists' standpoint as any other. God has met with them, and a real work been accomplished. The fear that The Army would not get women ready to comply with their conditions in the City of Montreal has proved groundless, and it is evident that the Montreal Rescue Work has entered upon a new and more successful phase of its existence. Several prospective cases are already booked.

Herewith is a pretty sequel to a case of child-abandonment some five years ago.

A drunken, dissolute mother brought her baby boy to the Home, promising, no doubt, many fair things. Some time after, however, she disappeared and left no trace behind her. Little Bobbie grew up in The Army's care. Loving hearts and hands ministered to his baby needs, and he developed into a more than ordinarily smart, intelligent boy. Of Army songs, the child can sing a multitude! He has grown up in The Army, and happily, knows none other than Army training. He is the picture of health and sturdy physique.

One day, after other children's mothers had been to visit them, little Bobbie plaintively remarked to Adjutant.

"Mrs. Payne, I have no mother come to see me!" Then, with childish naive simplicity, added, "Will you be my mother?"

The never-dying memory of her sweet angel boy Alex came, as may be supposed, with overwhelming force, and forthwith Mrs. Payne took the little lad to her heart as never before. His age, however, made it desirable that a new home should be found for him.

At a Sunday afternoon meeting at the Point, Bobbie's story was told, and he was allowed to sing. Mrs. Payne remarking that she hoped some parents would open their hearts and arms to receive him. Many hearts were touched, and no fewer than four couples proffered to adopt him into their own family. The privilege was given to Sergeant-Major and Mrs. Towns, by whom the necessary adoption papers have been filed.

On Easter Sunday afternoon Bobbie's name was changed. He was publicly dedicated under the flag, and received by his new foster parents.

"My name is not Bobbie any longer," said the little chap to the writer, afterwards, "I'm Wilfrid

Arthur Towns!" and then he struck up a favourite chorus:—

"I know He cares for me, for me,
I'll trust my Father in Heaven,
For I know He cares for me!"

My eyes were dim—would not yours have been the same?

A Sad Story With a Happy Ending.

Here is a sample of a recent case at Montreal:—

It was a bitterly cold Winter's day, and the North-East wind came whistling down the storm-swept streets. Well-clad pedestrians wrapped their furs tighter around them, and no one who could avoid doing so, loitered from home.

Standing at a street corner was a young woman of slight build, still girlish in appearance, save for the little morsel of humanity she was trying to cuddle to her bosom. Easily seen, she was a country girl, and did not know her way.

Of a lady waiting for the car at that instant, the girl enquired what car she should take for such an institution.

"What are you doing out on a cold Winter's morn, with a babe like this in your arms?" asked the lady.

The young mother burst into tears, and her story was soon told. She was seeking a home to put her Baby in, for she had no friends in Canada, and no place to go to! She was kindly advised to make her way to The Salvation Army Home, and if admitted, to let her adviser know, and write her how she got on.

The young mother applied and was taken in. The Salvation Army was entirely new to her. Although an Old Country lass, she had never been brought into touch with it. Briefly, her story was this:—

For long years as a valued servant, she had remained in one family, and afterwards married from thence. Her husband went out to South Africa, and while he was at the front, sorrow and disgrace had befallen her. Ashamed that anyone should know, or divine the truth, she had escaped—secured passage for Canada, and hired to work on a farm as long as she was able. Then she came to the City Hospital, and two weeks later sallied forth to face the world with the babe in her arms.

Naturally, the first conditions to her salvation, included a frank acknowledgement of the wrong done. She was lovingly advised to communicate at once with her friends, and confess all. It was a hard struggle, but genuine repentance, prompted her. The result could not have been more satisfactory. She was soundly converted in one of the Home meetings, and following this, received the kindest responses from both her husband and former friends. The money was cabled over for her passage, and she returned to them. Since then, letters have been received, expressing her deep gratitude to The Army, and above all full of thanks to God for His salvation.

This case also won good friends to The Army's cause on both sides of the ocean. Her late English mistress was so cognizant of The Army's services in her restoration, that she opened her home to a sick Officer in England, and nursed him to health again at her own expense, besides

promising a contribution to the Montreal Home. The lady, also, whom the young woman first asked the way, had never before been brought closely in touch with our work, and has proved a most welcome and valuable friend to the cause, largely through her intervention and introduction, much of the wall paper was donated to the Home, for its renovation, whilst her interest and that of her husband has been secured in relation to the acquirement of more suitable premises for the Home.

A few words concerning the Montreal Matron will be welcomed by a large circle of Salvationists, to whom her name has been familiar during the past decade.

It was after Ensign Payne's triumphant death, some eight years ago, that his frail widow was brought closely in touch with the Rescue Work. "There," she says, "I realised for the first time that there were sorrows worse than death." Undecided as to her future work, she came in contact with a broken-hearted mother, who poured out her grief into the widow's sympathetic heart. She said she would rather have followed her daughter in a casket to the grave than suffered such bitterness of soul as her undoing, had caused.

Then it was, Mrs. Payne saw her wounded heart could consecrate its own sorrow in living to help others. She offered her services to Miss Eva Booth. Her assistance was welcomed.

Little Alex, was but two years old at this time, and his mother found him a perpetual joy and blessing in the various Homes in which she laboured. After three months' insight into the workings of a Home, which was under the command of Adjutant Beckstead, Mrs. Payne went to Ottawa, as Matron. During her command there, they had the terrible experience of being burnt out. A large brewery was situated next to their Home, and when the wind blew the flames their way, it was evident there was no time to be lost. Fifteen minutes' warning was all they had. But prompt and energetic action resulted in all the women and children being saved; although almost all the Home and Officers' belongings were lost. It was indeed a terrible experience, most unnerving. For many hours it was not certain that they were safe even in their temporary shelter, at one of The Army Barracks. But despite this untoward circumstance, God enabled Mrs. Payne to triumph, and precious trophies were won. It was at Ottawa, also, that she added to her faith—knowledge, and acquired the necessary training for maternity work.

Blessed and successful terms of service followed in the Eastern Province, and it was at St. John, N. B., that the terrible shock and loss of her dear little Alex, was suffered to befall her. A years' prostration and nervous collapse followed—evidences of which terrible breakdown are still very patent in her frail little person. Yet God has gifted her with a more tender sympathy—a warmer heart for the tiny, innocent castaways of others' guilty neglect.

Her heart is in the work, and whether on the platform or in the Home, Adjutant Payne always secures a good hearing, and gives a good report of herself.

We doubt not, this will be so more and more, as Montreal and her get better acquainted.

THE COMMISSIONER

Will Commission the
Present Session of
Cadets in

THE TEMPLE, Monday, July 13.

THE WAR CRY.

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Comments on Current Matters.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

According to the news to hand, the President of the French people has been accorded a most cordial reception in England. Everywhere, it is said, enormous crowds gathered to cheer the distinguished visitor. This is as it should be. It is to the benefit of the world that the entente cordiale should be of the most substantial character. That the good feeling which exists between the two nations is what it is, is due to King Edward, the Fenciblemaker, there is no doubt, and we read with considerable satisfaction of the meeting that has been arranged between England's King and the Czar of the Russians. We hope that it will make for goodwill between these countries.

PROHIBITION.

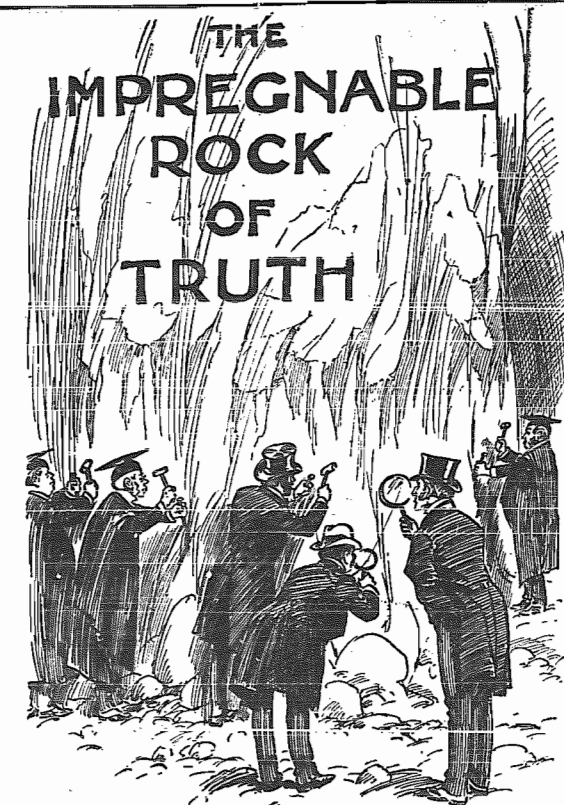
The returns from many sections of North Carolina, U.S.A., indicate victory for prohibition by larger majorities than anticipated by the leaders on that question. Estimates range from thirty to forty thousand majority. The election is being conducted quietly, and there has been no trouble at the polls, so reads the news from America. Everywhere in the South, Prohibition seems to be demonstrating its utility, and the recognition of this fact by the people is apparent. We wish prohibition every success.

DRINK AGAIN!

A fearful crime has just been committed in Canada, when a man foully murdered his wife and two step-daughters, and then attempted to kill himself. Drink is said to be at the bottom of this triple tragedy. The unhappy man was very much addicted to drink, and his wife had decided to leave him and go to her friends, his frequent lapses making his home very unhappy. Rather than endure the separation, the unhappy man resolved to end all. This is another example of the evil effects of intoxicants. The man is said to have been connected with the oldest and most respected family in the town, but was a slave to his drinking habits. How necessary it is that such baneful stuff should be rendered most difficult of access; also, that the poor drink-slave should have made known to him that the "Lion of Judah can break every chain."

ANTI-TOBACCO BILL.

A Bill has been read for the first time at Ottawa, to restrict the use of tobacco by young persons, especially in certain forms supposed to be particularly injurious to persons of either



THEY DON'T SEEM TO KNOCK MUCH OFF, DO THEY?

sex under sixteen years. The Bill made it punishable by fine to sell or furnish tobacco for their own use, to persons under the age mentioned, or to sell, or give to such persons any cigarettes or cigarette paper, whether for their own use or the use of any other persons. Penalties were also provided against the young persons themselves who were guilty of infractions of the law, ranging from a reprimand for the first offence, to a fine of \$4.00. The furnishing or sale of tobacco to such persons by automatic machines was provided against. Legislation upon the subject of the sale of tobacco to minors, it was said, appeared on the statute books of all the Provinces but Quebec and Manitoba, but this legislation was respecting age and other matters, and there was a question also, as to whether, it was within Provincial power to enact and enforce it. For that reason it had been thought better that legislation of general application to the whole of Canada should be passed.

We think so too, and hope that the Bill will become law.

TERRIBLE DEVASTATION.

An unprecedented rainfall has been followed with great devastation in Texas. Five millions' worth of property has been destroyed, and thousands of people have been rendered homeless, and at the time we write, it does not appear that the worst has been experienced. Thrilling tales of rescue have been reported. In one case, parents had to stand in water almost up to their necks for ten hours, bearing their children on their shoulders, in order to save them from death. Great is the love of parents for their offspring, but like as a father pitieth his children, so does the Lord, those who fear Him.

Personalities.

Captain Louis Smith has been obliged to return home to Charlotte-town from Londonderry, having, through over-exertion, received a setback after his recent operation, which will require some weeks of further rest. Captain Lou. is greatly disappointed, but is leaving his case in the All-Wise hands.

The next cities to be visited by The General are these: Oxford, Leicester, and the Congress Hall, Clapton. Three days' important Staff Officers' Councils will be conducted by The General at Clapton, on June 10, 11, and 12, which will be attended by the leading Officers in Great Britain.

A writer in "M.A.P." publishes some interesting notes concerning The General and his seventy-ninth birthday. Somebody asked The General whether he felt his seventy-nine years. The General answered the question by asking another. "How old do they say I am? Seventy-nine? What nonsense! Why I am not old. I am seventy-nine years young! I have heaps of time yet to go around fishing—fishing for souls in the same old way, with the same old net."

After being in charge of the Rhodesian Province, South Africa, for nearly four years, Lieut.-Colonel Johnston has received farwell orders. Major Clack succeeds him.

We deeply regret to say that according to latest advices, our dear comrade, Mrs. Diacine Johnston, the Praying League Secretary, is in a very critical condition of health, and we earnestly ask the prayers of our readers on her behalf.

The Commissioner's Meetings.

Meetings in the Central Prison, Mercer Reformatory, and the Lippincott Hall.

SIXTY-SIX PRISONERS DESIRE SALVATION.

The Commissioner addressed a splendid crowd at Lippincott on Sunday night. In spite of the almost tropical heat, the audience, with few exceptions, remained to the close of the proceedings, which they thoroughly enjoyed.

The great features of the meeting were the Commissioner's addresses and the singing of a member of the Headquarters' Staff.

The Commissioner took for his reading, the three parables, "The Lost Sheep," "The Lost Piece of Silver," and "The Prodigal Son," likening them to three classes of sinners that doubtless, were before him that evening. The lost sheep he likened to the silly sinner who strays from God, out of light-hearted stupidity; the missing piece of silver to the careless one, who knows his danger but is too indifferent to exert himself to accept salvation; the prodigal son, to the wilful sinner who knowingly rejects the solid comforts of salvation for the hollow pleasures of the world.

This reading, with running expository comments, was followed by a solemn discourse from the words, "come, let us reason together," which had such an effect that one man repented of his sins, and asked God to save him as he sat in his seat. He afterwards openly acknowledged his salvation by coming out to the mercy seat, and testifying. A dear woman also stepped into the Kingdom of God.

Central Prison. The Salvation Army is always welcomed by not only the officials, but the inmates, particularly so, when it is made known that The Army's Leader, assisted by the Staff Band will officiate. There were about three hundred prisoners present, and the majority of these were moved upon by the Holy Spirit.

The Commissioner's Bible reading was a rich treat—"The last piece of Silver." At the close of which, forty-five men desired to be saved. They appreciated the music of the Band. The selection entitled, "Memories of Childhood," caught on. What a wonderful thing memory is. "Gentle Jesus Meek and Mild" brought a subdued influence over the meeting, their minds being carried back to childhood days.

The Mercer. If possible, the meeting at the Mercer was even more powerful, and twenty-one girls and women declared in favour of Jesus Christ.—Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.

The Hamilton I. Band have recently received a fine new set of silver-plated instruments. They will be on view for a few days in a prominent shop window, and then a public presentation will take place. On May 25th, the Band went out to do some collecting from the pleasure-seeking crowds that thronged the city on that day.

The Chief of the Staff recently held at Clapton, Councils for Census Board Locals, whose work is becoming more distinct and important.

Chief Secretary's Notes

The Commissioner has put in a very busy week at Headquarters, and has also been out of the city for a day or two in connection with important Salvation Army business. His meetings last Sunday at the Toronto Central Prison, the Mercer Reformatory and Lippincott Street Corps, have been fully reported elsewhere, and we are now looking forward to the Camp meetings in which the Commissioner will be taking a prominent part.

* *

The formal opening of the Hamilton and London Rescue Homes after their recent additions and alterations, has now been decided to take place early in June, and will be conducted by Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs. Dates and other particulars will be found on the announcement page of this War Cry. These will be very important events from an Army standpoint, in these respective cities.

* *

One of the new appointments that were referred to in last week's Chief Secretary's Notes, I am now in a position to announce, namely, Major Wilfrid Creighton to the Young People's work of the Territory. The Major will be attached to T. H. Q. Staff, and have his office at Headquarters, but will travel extensively in the interests of this constantly developing branch of our work. It is probable that before taking up his new duties, he will spend a short time in England, in order to get an insight into The Army's latest and most up-to-date methods in this branch of our operations. We congratulate the Major upon this appointment, and believe that God will make him and his dear wife a great blessing in it.

* *

Another appointment that has been decided is that of Major Simco, from the Editorial to the Candidates' Department. The Major will also, in addition, do other special work, for which her long experience especially qualifies her. We believe God will make her a great blessing in this new appointment.

* *

We are very pleased to welcome to Toronto this week, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Jolliffe. The Colonel holds the important position of Head of our Subscribers' Department, at the International Headquarters, England, and has come over in charge of one of our special parties and will doubtless, be favourably impressed with this country, which he is visiting for the first time.

* *

Mrs. Sowton and I spent last week-end at Lindsay. We were very sorry that we had to disappoint these comrades in our proposed visit two or three weeks ago, so tried to make up for it on this occasion. Although it was holiday time, and the beautiful weather caused plenty of out-door attractions, yet we had some very good meetings from the standpoint of spiritual results, crowds and finance, and much enjoyed our visit personally.

We read in the account of Sir Samuel Baker's explorations, that on one occasion, when a regiment was crossing the desert, and was in great distress for want of water. A pool appeared ahead glittering in the sun. The cry was raised, "Water!" A rush was made for the supposed precious liquid, but, after a long journey, it was discovered to be only a mirage. They were utterly exhausted, and many died from fatigue and thirst. Beware of the world! It is but a deceitful mirage.

A USEFUL INSTITUTION.

Salvage Works and Men's Metropole at Ottawa—The Utilisation of Waste Material a Boon for the Poor.

THE new departure of a Salvage Department and Men's Metropole at Ottawa, has, apparently, justified its formation, within the first month of operation.

Hardly could a more suitable site have been secured for such purposes. On a corner block, facing the Market, in lower town, stood a well-known hotel, some four stories high. It is impossible to say how many men were helped downward by crossing its threshold. It was regarded as one of the hard places in town. This building, the Men's Social were fortunate enough to acquire, and its conversion is complete.

The exterior presents a pleasing appearance. Freshly decorated, with neat lettering, it proclaims to all and sundry, that here is quartered the S. A. Salvage Department and Employment Bureau. The green blinds outside the windows, form a nice contrast to the light paint, and fire-escapes from top to bottom lend an air of dignity and protection to would-be lodgers.

The store windows display a medley of household stuff, and clothing, etc. As one enters one is greeted by the genial, broad-shouldered, smiling Ensign Edwards, who is in charge of the new venture. To the poor of Ottawa, this store will be a great boon.

"You should have seen the beaming face of that care-worn mother, yesterday," said the Ensign, "as she gathered up the outfit of clothes of all sizes, which she had selected for her family! Poor soul—she couldn't pay much, but she got nearly all her youngsters' wants supplied for the \$1.75 she was able to put down."

"Our object, you see," further explained the Ensign, "is to supply the poor people's needs with the waste from the homes of the wealthy."

The Institution so far has met with a favourable reception from the citizens of the Imperial City. Everyday the horse and wagon has been kept busily engaged collecting material from those well-wishers and helpers who have notified us that they had available rummage for this purpose. A telephone call or a post card, has brought The Army van along to their door to collect the same.

The waste-paper industry will be another phase of the Salvage operations for which there are facilities in the building—good underground cellars,

lit with electricity, and sheds, will be utilised for sorting, baling and expedition, and it is hoped that several men will find employment at this work. Rag sorting was going on as we passed through.

The Metropole accommodation occupies the top flat. A sitting room, with magazines and healthy reading, is provided, in addition to the clean, new beds, each covered with a pink spread. A great boon to the occupants of the Metropole, will be the individual lockers, in which each man can safely lock away his few belongings. Ample bath and lavatory accommodation is also provided.

The second floor will be occupied by the eight men actually employed in the Salvage Department. Their accommodation is virtually the same as that of the Metropole men, who will find work outside. A good-sized kitchen, presided over by a saved cook, is on this flat, as well as the modest single room for the Officer in Charge. His "dining-room," by the way, is a table, placed in a little recess behind a door on the landing—an illustration of the economy of space which has, evidently, been studied throughout.

The Metropole beds are payable in advance, at a dollar per week. They were all full at the time of visiting.

One man, with wife and family of five children arrived on Saturday, from a neighbouring city—His object in removal was to get clear of old companions, whose influence had done him no good.

The Army Metropole housed him, and found temporary quarters for his wife and children near by. On Sunday he professed conversion. And on Monday, equipped with decent clothes from the Salvage stores, went gallantly to the new work obtained for him.

During the first ten days of the Labour Bureau, forty-three men were fitted up with temporary work at odd jobs.

A second entrance on the ground floor, introduces one to another use to which this building may serve. Being on another street, there will be little difficulty in locating it. This is the office from which the Immigration work in and about Ottawa will be directed. Its proximity to the market, renders the farmers who want to obtain help exceptional advantage. They have but to cross the road to get linked up with the very people they are looking for!

Mrs. Calvert have won the confidence and esteem of the people.

COLONEL AND MRS. SOWTON AT LINDSAY.

The Soldiers of Lindsay gave a most hearty welcome to Colonel and Mrs. Sowton, who came down to conduct the week-end meetings.

On Saturday night a good crowd assembled to hear the Colonel's lecture, "Under the Colours in Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Iceland."

The Sunday meetings were well attended, and several came forward for sanctification, while two souls sought salvation at night.

Mrs. Sowton took an active part throughout the series of meetings both in the open-air and inside. The finances were excellent. The Army is thriving in this town, and Ensign and

Captain Turner led the meetings at Summerside on May 10th. Three souls came to the mercy seat in the night meeting. One was the husband of one of our Soldiers. Captain and Mrs. Dakin have farewelled, and Lieutenant Martin has arrived here. Brother Brown is very sick at present, and we are praying for him.—Ava Wilson.

Captain Bunton recently visited Berlin, and the week-end meetings were times of great blessing. Four souls knelt at the mercy seat. A lime-light service was given on Monday night.

THE GENERAL'S WHEREABOUTS.

A Great Day at Southampton—Seventy-one Souls at the Mercy Seat.

"I should go back to London with a broken heart if nobody got converted," said The General, in the Grand Theatre, Southampton, on Sunday, adding, "for I live for souls."

In the spirit which prompted these words, the week-end Campaign was conducted throughout. The passion for souls, and the forgetfulness of all other pleasures for the pleasure of saving them, which has so strongly marked The General's career, were also the most prominent features of his latest public efforts.

Civic Tributes to Army's Worth.

Sunday morning was devoted to the consideration of holiness, and very seldom has The General experienced greater liberty in dealing with this foundation doctrine of Army teaching.

In the afternoon the congregation was a tax on the building's resources! A number of Southampton's best people were present, manifestly feeling proud to do their visitor honour.

His Worship the Mayor, C. J. Sharpe, Esq., who, by virtue of his office, is also Admiral of the Port, was accompanied by the Mayoress. He extended the warmest of welcomes to our Leader, to whose personal worth, as well as to the character of the work done by The Army, he paid high tribute.

The Sheriff, Richard Oakley, Esq., and Colonel Bance, J.P., also spoke their commendation of the Man and the Movement they were there to recognise.

For an hour and forty minutes, The General, without a single break or reference to notes, carried his delighted audience with him, as he reviewed the romantic career and work of The Army. The only interruptions were caused by round upon round of applause, not only from the ladies and gentlemen who crowded the stage, but from all parts of the house.

Call to Surrender Obeyed.

"Do what you ought to do if all the devils in Hell stand in your road!" he exclaimed passionately, as, with uplifted arm, he strode across the stage in the crowded night meeting. And, as if he read the disposition to falter even now, when deliverance was so near, he drew upon their own experience:—

"What sorrows you have experienced since you forsook God! But, ah! what sorrows are ahead of you if you do not make your peace with Him!"

The General is a believer in Hell, and he makes others believe in it too. They saw it with his eyes, and by the aid of God's blessed Spirit, he was able to make them shun it even as he had shunned it. He depicts the horror of the soul who shall at last wake up to hear the Judge say, "I tried to stop you; I put my own blood between you and Hell-fire; but you would not heed!"

Then, with terrible emphasis, this prophet of God urged immediate submission: "Don't stop there arguing with yourself! The devil always wants you to argue; but don't give way to him."

Seventy-one souls knelt at the mercy seat during the week-end.

Life is a succession of lessons, which must be lived to be understood.

The Week-End's Despatches.

A GREAT WEEK-END HAS BEEN EXPERIENCED.

Read These Reports and See What Is Being Done at the Corps.

LIEUT.-COL. GASKIN AT ORILLIA.

Farwell Speech of D. O.—S.D. Victory

The visit of Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin to Orillia was a grand success, from every standpoint. His lecture on Saturday night, "Curious Characters," was well received. The D. O. acted as chairman.

Sunday was a beautiful day, and the Orillia people reckoned that the addresses given by the Colonel were the best they ever heard, and were highly pleased with the same.

His holiness address in the morning was excellent, and in the afternoon Rev. J. J. Ferguson presided, while the Colonel gave his wonderful lecture, "Leaves From My Diary."

Sunday night was the crowning time. Mrs. Colonel Gaskin gave a beautiful talk to the satisfaction of all present, after which the Colonel addressed the audience, taking for his subject "Biblical Botany," and everybody was deeply impressed. Great good was accomplished, and the visible results for the day was four seekers.

At the close quite a number of comrades spoke, and made reference to the blessings they had received in connection with Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin's visit.

The D. O., who is leaving for the Old Country this week, gave a short farewell speech. He also, on behalf of the Orillia people, gave the Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin a hearty invitation to return as soon as possible.

We finished up our S.D. Effort right on time, and smashed our target. The comrades worked well to make it a success. To all who assisted we feel very grateful.—Adjutant and Mrs. Knight.

GOOD SALVATION TIMES.

Major Green reports a splendid Sunday at Hamilton 11. Three men and one woman came to the mercy seat. One of the men was the husband of a Sister of the Corps, and as he knelt at the penitent form, she knelt at his side with her arm around his neck.

At Dundas next day, Major and Mrs. Green had a good time. They sang to a large crowd in the open air, and had the joy of seeing two souls seek salvation in the inside meeting.

We are still having good times at Dildo, and are glad to report victory in our Self-Denial Effort. Our target has been reached, and much credit is due to the Soldiers and friends who helped so nobly in the effort.

On Sunday God came very near, and richly blessed us. Much conviction was felt in the night meeting. One poor backslider sought and found deliverance.—Correspondent.

Charlottetown reports four souls.—

DRESSED AS HINDOOS.

Had to Hurry to Escape Wetting.

We had beautiful meetings at Calgary on Sunday. Good crowds came; the collections were up to the mark, and three souls were saved.

On Monday night Mrs. Staff-Captain Coombs gave her famous lecture on "India," and although a rain storm came up while the march was out, and hurried the Soldiers and Band, who were dressed in the Hindoo garb) back to the Hall, the Citadel was packed. Mrs. Coombs spoke for an hour and a half, and held her audience. At the close of her lecture one backslider came home to the fold.

Self-Denial targets all smashed to pieces.—May Jackson, Corps Cor.

RIVERDALE MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Staff Band Delights the People.

A splendid musical meeting was given at Riverdale on a recent Saturday night, by the Staff Band. Staff-Captain Easton presided at the piano throughout, and favoured us with a special solo during the evening.

The Band played several beautiful selections and some excellent instrumental solos were rendered by Captains Myers and Pugnire. The trombone trio was listened to with delight, and the vocal solos of Staff-Captain Arnold and Captain Marshall captivated the audience.

A pressing invitation to come again was extended to them by Adjutant McElhenny, and sanctioned by all present.

JAIL MEETINGS AT PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.

God is blessing His work that is being done in Prison here, and souls are coming to Christ. These meetings are being conducted by Sergeant Burkett and Mrs. Pyelich, and are very interesting. Last Sunday Ensign Hovoroff visited the Jail and six souls knelt at the mercy seat.—One present.

We have been hard at it at Skiff Cove for the past month, but thank God we have been victorious. Our Self-Denial target was a bit high; but we worked hard and by pulling altogether, we got there alright, and our target was smashed in good style.

On Sunday, nine Seniors took their stand under the Flag and were made Soldiers for God and The Army. The day ended with one soul for Salvation.—Correspondent.

Since our last report from Victoria, we have had the pleasure of seeing three volunteers for Salvation during the week and one on Sunday night.

On Sunday the Bandmaster and Col. our-Sergeant, with several other comrades commenced to have knee-drill, which has not been done here for some time. We had a powerful holiness meeting. The night meeting was led by Adjutant Dean and Captain Pogue, from Portland, U.S.A.—Red-Hot Billy, for Captain Knudson,

A TROPHY OF GRACE.

Gives a Good Testimony.

On Sunday morning three souls came out for sanctification at Winnipeg 1. Captain Manson was with us, and led the testimonies. Among those who testified was Brother Gaunt, who was so wondrously saved from sin about two months ago. He gave a beautiful testimony, saying that God was keeping him well saved in body and soul.

Adjutant Byers and Captain Williams led the afternoon meeting, and we had a glorious time. Eight recruits were enrolled.

Brigadier and Mrs. Burditt were with us at night, assisted by the Provincial Staff. Mrs. Burditt, Ensign Taylor and a Bandsman each sang a solo and spoke to the people. The Brigadier spoke with power. We closed somewhat earlier than usual, intending to hold an open-air, but a thunder storm interfered with our programme. At the close of our inside meeting, two desired to be prayed for, and one came forward to seek salvation. About eighty were present at the evening open-air.—S. W. Prince.

THE FIELD SECRETARY AT LISGAR STREET.

Excellent crowds attended the meetings conducted by Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin at Lisgar Street, on Sunday May 24th. The Colonel gave three powerful addresses during the day, and considerably encouraged and helped the Soldiers to a firmer faith in God. Splendid open-airs were held and over one hundred joined in the march at night.

The Colonel's evening text was, "Man dieth and where is he?" and he expounded the truths of the Bible regarding the future of man in a very able manner.

One man volunteered for salvation during the prayer meeting.

Wabana.—Recently we had a visit from Adj. Smith, who gave us a very interesting lantern service, entitled, "A Trip Round Niagara," also "Ten nights in a Bay Room." The building was crowded to its utmost capacity with a very attentive lot of people, who were unanimous in having a repetition of the same as soon as the Adjutant can find it convenient to come again. The proceeds, which amounted to about \$30.00, will go toward our building fund. Our Self-Denial target has been smashed.—Sally.

The Sunday meetings at Paris were well attended all day. On Tuesday, Captain Bunton conducted the Soldier's meeting, at the close of which five came out for sanctification.

On Wednesday the Captain gave his lime light service, entitled, "Catarina," or the Blind Goy's Mission of Love. The service proved very interesting, and was enjoyed by all.

Self-Denial week was a season of rich blessing to us and we succeeded in smashing our target.—M. W.

Since writing last from Amherst, God has blessed us with seven souls at the mercy seat. Deep conviction rests on the people.

On Thursday we had a broom march, and we swept three souls out of the devil's ranks into the Light of God.—Rmbling Roy.

LAMALINE BARRACKS OPENED.

A Muddy Walk — Six Souls—Six Soldiers.

One Thursday we received a message from Adjutant Brown, our D. O., saying that he would visit us on the following Saturday. When the day dawned, however, we found that it was raining hard, and as he would have to walk sixteen miles through the mud, we hardly expected to see him. About four o'clock, however, I sighted two objects in the distance steadily plodding on through the heavy rain. They proved to be Adjutant Brown and Captain Butler, who had endured hardness as good Soldiers, in order to keep their appointment.

On Sunday our holiness meeting was held at the Outpost, two miles away. In the afternoon we returned to Lamaline, where a very important ceremony took place, namely the opening of our new Barracks. After a short service at the door, the key was turned in the lock by Adjutant Brown, and we marched in and took possession. Three babies were also dedicated by the Adjutant during the inside service.

The night meeting was a powerful time. After an impressive Bible reading and address by the Adjutant, an invitation was given for sinners to seek the Lord. One Sister arose and came forward. Another left the meeting, but a few minutes later rushed in again, and fell at the mercy seat. Six came out altogether.

On Monday night our visitors conducted another meeting, and six Soldiers were enrolled.—Captain C. Tuck.

GUNS, LIGHTS AND MUSIC.

We are still lifting up the banner at Doting Cove. On Easter Monday night we had a special meeting, and Brother Tobias Powell was appointed chairman.

On Sunday afternoon Captain Tilley dedicated two babies to God and The Army.

On April 27th, we had one of the biggest times ever held at this place. Quite a number of flags were flying all day, and in the evening one hundred and twenty started on a five-mile march around the place, with lights and music, and lots of guns were fired, to celebrate the Colonel's wedding. Several times we stopped and gave three cheers for the Colonel and the dear old General. Wishing the Colonel and his wife a successful future.—Ernest Abbott.

VISITORS TO CAMPBELLFORD.

The Peterborough Silver Band recently paid a visit to Campbellford. They were accompanied by Brigadier Collier. A musical festival was given on Saturday night, which was much enjoyed by all. God came very near in the holiness meeting, and the Brigadier gave a powerful address. Two souls sought the blessing of a clean heart.

The Methodist Choir of Sturgeon Falls, with their Pastor in the chair, recently gave a musical meeting in aid of the Sturgeon Falls local Corps funds, and the same came very helpful to the Corps at this time of the season.

SOME GLORIOUS VICTORIES.

RIVERDALE BAND VISITS SIMCOE.

OLD MEMORIES REVIVED.

SURPRISE FOR P. O.

Adjutant White Leads the Brantford Soldiers Triumphant, Onward.

During the absence of Adjutant and Mrs. Gillam, who are enjoying a well earned furlough, the Locals of Brantford have been doing their best to carry on an unceasing warfare against sin. Lieutenant Spearing arrived on May 21st, and will lead on till the return of the Commanding Officers. Last week-end the meetings were conducted by Adjutant White, assisted by Captain Church. A bright, happy, and enthusiastic spirit prevailed at all the meetings, both indoors and out, and some glorious victories were won.

The Adjutant gave a very clear and forcible address on holiness of heart in the Sunday morning meeting, and six comrades laid their all on the altar and claimed a full salvation by faith. Three separate open-air were held in the afternoon, the Band picking up the two other detachments, and all forming one big march to the Citadel. The Songsters sang very beautifully in the free-and-easy meeting and again on the Market Square in the evening. They are a fine body of Salvation Singers, and the earnest spirit that characterises them makes their songs very impressive.

One hundred and seventeen persons marched up the street at night—a very inspiring sight. The Hall was packed for the evening service, and everyone seemed to be intensely interested in all that was said and done. The Adjutant spoke powerfully about sin and the Judgment, and the Holy Spirit was present to convict. As soon as the prayer meeting was started, wounded souls began to make their way to the mercy seat, and we rejoiced over ten at the feet of Christ. The Rev. Justice was present at this meeting, and towards the close he spoke a few words of encouragement to the converts and exhorted the Soldiers to keep on fighting away in a similar style to what he had witnessed that night.

Bandmaster Nock thanked the Adjutant for his services, and voiced the desire of the whole Corps when he invited him to pay another visit to the city.

A VALIANT SOLDIER NOW.

God has been pouring out His Spirit at Ingersoll, and believers have been sanctified and sinners saved. The General's Letter is very much enjoyed by all who attend the Sunday morning holiness meeting. On Sunday afternoon an enrollment took place. Among the number who stood under the colours was our old Bandmaster, who has recently returned to God. Another who had been a slave to drink and tobacco, is now a valiant Soldier for God. He raised \$12.75 for S.-D.

God came very near at night. Mrs. Adjutant Newman's talk on the Good Shepherd touched many hearts. We have splendid crowds at our cottage prayer meetings. A Soldier.

Captain Edward Matier visited Malleybury for two nights recently, and seeing we could not get a Hall, we decided to have two rousing open-air meetings. These were a splendid success in every way.

Large crowds gathered around and paid the utmost attention to the songs, solos and testimonies that were given.

Captain Crocker and Captain McAmmond were with us for the second night, and altogether we had a God-glorying time. — J. Cunningham.

Big Meetings Held in Rink—Generous Crowds Contribute \$180.00.

On May 23rd, the Riverdale Band travelled down to Simcoe, to take part in some special services which had been arranged by Ensign Baird. Adjutants McElheney and Cornish accompanied them, also Captain Simpson and Mrs. Captain Weir.

On their arrival the local Band met them at the station and all marched to the Hall, where a supper was prepared for the visitors.

On Saturday night a Band festival was given, Adjutant McElheney acting as chairman. The Lynnwood rink—seating about eight hundred people—had been secured for the week-end, and it was filled several times with an interested and appreciative audience. A holiness meeting was conducted by Adj. McElheney on Sunday morning. In the afternoon a service of praise was held, H. H. Groff, Esq., was the chairman, and, in his remarks he said many complimentary things about the work of The Army, for which he has the warmest admiration. The Band, under the direction of Band Instructor Cosway, played "Under the Colours," a stirring march, also "Hebrew Melodies," and "Songs of Comfort," two beautiful selections. The Vocal Quartette and the Trombone Duet added greatly to the attractiveness of the programme, as did the cornet solo of Captain Simpson. A stirring salvation meeting was held at night, and the people of Simcoe were earnestly dealt with about eternal matters by the fiery leaders of the Campaign.

On Monday the Band went on to Jarvis, and held several open-air meetings. They also took advantage of a delay at Caledonia to play several selections to the townspeople. At each place the people responded liberally to the funds.

The Bandsmen thoroughly enjoyed the trip, and much appreciate the kindness of the friends who looked after their temporal needs.

Band-Sergeant Brown, it might be mentioned, made himself busy in disposing of Band photographs, and sold over 160.

On the whole, the Band felt that they had spent the holidays in a very profitable way, and had impressed the people with the fact that true pleasure is to be found in the service of God.

TEN ENROLLED.

On Saturday night, May 6th, Sydney Mines was favoured with a visit from Ensign Ash. The lantern service entitled, "Rhoda," was given, and was enjoyed by all. The meetings all day Sunday conducted by the Ensign proved a great blessing, one backslider returned at night.

On Tuesday night we had ten enrolled, the meeting being conducted by Brigadier and Mrs. Morehen; it was indeed full of interest and blessing.

With a united effort we smashed our S.-D. target—Annie Vickers.

Ensign Ash paid a visit to New Aberdeen recently. On Sunday afternoon three open-air were held, the Brothers conducting one, the Sisters another, and the Band the other. A Junior was offered a quarter to play "Lead Kindly Light," on his Cornet, and he put the money on his S.-D. card.

Over one hundred Soldiers were on the march. The Hall was packed at night, and two souls sought salvation.

Adjutant Gillam Pays a Welcome Visit.

There was a time in the history of the Regina Corps when the outlook for the prospects of The Salvation Army was far from rosy, and things got so bad that there was some serious talk of abandoning the post altogether. This was seven years ago, and as a last resource, the P. O. of that time sent Captain and Mrs. Gillam in. The move proved successful, and the Corps has flourished ever since in varying degrees. It was, therefore, with a deal of pleasure and interest that we welcomed the Adjutant who paid us a short visit on the 21st May.

Despite the fact that it was snowing hard, a good crowd assembled in the Citadel, and a rousing meeting was held. Besides the Adjutant, we had with us Ensign Hakkirk, of Moose Jaw, who were also glad to see once more. The Adjutant told us a little of the past history of the Corps, and the Sergeant-Major also revived old memories of early warfare in Regina. At the close of the meeting one young man claimed and found Salvation. On Monday last, the meeting was conducted by the Corps-Cadets, of whom we now have three. — E. B.

HOPE FOR HIM YET.

Drunk Man Brought. Chair to Mercy Seat.

We have got a lot to thank God for in this City of Vernon, for many precious souls have found salvation since The Salvation Army started to work here. Last week great efforts were put forth, but no results followed, till Saturday night, when one soul got saved at his bedside. He has taken his stand boldly in the open-air.

On Sunday the outcome of the meetings was six souls born into the kingdom of God. One poor soul came to the mercy seat under the influence of liquor, bringing his chair with him, but did not find salvation. Still, we have got great hopes of him getting saved yet.

The Officers and Soldiers have fought a good battle this week. God bless them. We had with us on Sunday, Adjutant Wakefield and Captain Rickard.

Our S.-D. Target has been smashed, and we are rejoicing at the victory. Captains Dawe and Halpenny worked hard to raise the target set for our Corps.—A. A.

The Spirit of God is still working at Bonavista. On Sunday night, three souls were converted, and many convicted.

On Monday night, a big march and open-air was held, and about two hundred Soldiers and converts marched the street testifying to the power of God to save them.

Since last reporting we have had an enrollment, and about thirty have taken their stand in The Army.—W. M.

St. John's, Newfoundland.

Some friend(?) made a cowardly attempt to burn the Food Shelter and No. III Barracks last Sunday night, while another serious fire was raging in town. Fortunately the fire was seen before it got much headway, and Adjutant and Mrs. Moulton with their family and boarders, about thirty in all, made a hurried exit through the smoke. No damage was done to the building.

Informed of Promotion by Delegation of Officers.

The S. A. in St. John, N. B., is very much alive. Our much loved leader, who left town as Brigadier Turner, was given a pleasant surprise on his return from Nova Scotia, as the news of his promotion had arrived during his absence. A delegation of Officers, from Headquarters Staff and City, decided to meet him at the wharf and surprise him with the news that he had returned a Lieut.-Colonel. His first greetings as such were given him at the steamer's rail, and on landing, Major Phillips on behalf of the party, made the formal announcement, and the Lieut.-Colonel was equal to the occasion as usual. The news gives much pleasure and satisfaction.

The Lord is blessing Lieutenant Viegel at No. I. Major and Mrs. Phillips led the meetings last week-end, and God's presence was with us to save and restore. He has also shown His power to restore strength to the sick. Mrs. Adjutant Bowering, we were able to see and hear, on the second Sunday of May, her first meeting since long months of illness. Mrs. Ensign James is also doing nicely.

The friends of Captain McGorman have been blessed and helped by having her here during a breakdown of health. Her heart is in the War, and she hopes to be at the battle front very soon.—E. J. L.

We had an altar service on Sunday, May 10th, at St. Johns I., Nfld., at the close of S.-D., while The Band was playing, the comrades and friends placed their gifts on the altar. We were pleased to notice that most of the targets brought in were smashed. We had a good time all day, one soul claiming the blessing and one salvation.—War Correspondent.

Lieutenant McFadden has been welcomed to Brandon, and we pray that God will make her a blessing. We had glorious times last Sunday. The Band was to the front all day. Adjutant Cummings led the meetings, assisted by Ensign Taylor. In the night meeting five souls knelt at the mercy seat.—C. Dinsdale.

We are glad to be able to report victory at, Bowdoinville. We smashed our S.-D. target of forty-five dollars, and we saw a number of souls saved. Three were out for the blessing of a clean heart, at a meeting held by Captain Collins at Grand Falls.—Collector.

Triton. On Sunday last we had some good meetings, and at night we had the joy of seeing five souls at the mercy seat. Captain Pelly and Lieutenant Barry are still leading us on.—L. W. C. C.

Service.

This life of faith leads to a life of service. Christian experience brings obligation. This is inevitable; We cannot get away from our responsibility to serve God; we do not wish to do so, we love to serve. We may not always serve according to the plans and ideas of others; we must serve according to the light and guidance of the Holy Spirit.

When David called upon the people to give of their substance for the building of Jehovah's Temple, he rejoiced for that they offered willingly unto the Lord. Willing service will be joyful, spontaneous service, glorying in the opportunity and honour of bearing His name, and the privilege of serving those about us for the sake of the Lord.

PARASITES.

A Natural History Article of Great Interest, which Shows in a Striking Fashion the Marvels of Creation.



A Parasite of the Tortoise.

THE term "parasite," as its meaning is intended in this article, includes only those minute animals that infest other animals, either internally or externally. Most of them are nourished at the expense of their hosts, but some, such as the parasites of the pike and the pigeon, appear to confer a benefit upon them.

All living animals, great or small, are pestered more or less by other animals specially adapted to prey upon them. Man himself has more than fifty distinct species of known parasites. The dog and the ox support about two dozen species each, while the frog proceeds upon his watery way, accompanied by at least twenty kinds of these uninvited visitors. Some parasites are not by any means confined to one animal alone. There are certain kinds which thrive



The Highly Magnified Head of One of the Worst Domestic Pests.

in or upon men, dogs, pigs, cats, rats, and oxen. Canaries and other cage-birds produce a parasite or mite, which often makes excursions to the persons, who take charge of the birds. The sheep tick also occasionally attacks the shepherd. Other parasites of this tribe attack not only mammals but also birds, tortoises, snakes and lizards. Even the bullet-proof hide of the rhinoceros, and the leathery skin of the hippopotamus are subject to the torturing inflictions of a tick. Horsey skins or integuments are of no avail against the attacks of parasites, whom nature has armed with complete sets of surgical instruments for the express purpose of penetrating such defences. Even whales are worried by lice, in addition to the suckers, barnacles, and other external troubles with which their skin is sometimes so covered that it can only be seen in patches. The hide-bound elephant has a special parasite with powerful mouth organs which are expressly adapted to penetrate its hide.

Parasites of Insects.

Neither do parasites cease to exist when we reach the lower orders of life. The familiar parasite of the humble bee is not the only example of this kind amongst the tinier animals. The Red Admiral, Small Tortoiseshell, Grayling, Marbled White, and other butterflies may frequently be found with tiny, bright scarlet parasites on their bodies and wings, while many moths are just as unfortunate.

The destructive Winter-moth, for

instance, is subjected to the attacks of no fewer than sixty-three known species of four-winged parasites, many of which prey upon it in the caterpillar stage. Butterflies also are very liable to the parasitic assaults of these insects, which are not always content with attacking insects in their caterpillar or larval stage, but often stoop to the meanness of depositing their eggs in the eggs of their victims. The contents of the eggs thus tampered with, provide sustenance for the larvae of parasites, to the great disadvantage of the embryo caterpillars they were intended to produce.

The small size of an animal gives no sort of immunity from parasitism. There are, for instance, many minute creatures that obtain their sustenance by living inside the tiny green-fies or aphides, which so often infest our choicest plants. Thus parasites attack parasites, and the phenomenon is called "hyper-parasitism" is brought about.

A Complicated Process of Development.

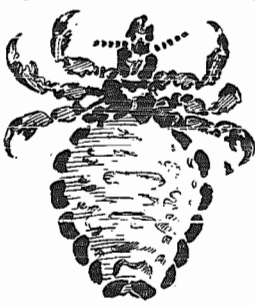
The most interesting, and indeed, amazing aspect of parasitism is presented by the case of those parasites which require several hosts to complete their own period of existence. There is, for instance, a certain louse which infests the dog, and which swallows the eggs of another of the dog parasites. In the body of the dog-louse the lesser parasite's egg develops, but only to a certain stage, when it assumes a resting form and awaits events. Its opportunity comes when the dog, in the course of cleaning his coat, consumes the louse. Then the parasite completes its metamorphosis inside the dog, becomes mature, and lays other eggs for other louse parasites. The cat, in a similar manner, obtains one of its parasites from the liver of the mouse; while it is well known that underdone meat, especially pork, conveys the resting larvae of tapeworms to man.

Of course, this complicated change of hosts makes the probabilities of the mature development of this class of organisms exceedingly small, and this is a most providential arrangement.

Sheep Ticks.

The sheep has a number of parasitic troubles, conspicuous among them the irritating "tick," which the poor beasts try so diligently to remove, by rubbing themselves against gateposts or trees. The sheep-ticks, belong to a family of extremely troublesome parasites which may be said to be cosmopolitan in its distribution, and which reaches, in tropical countries, much greater dimensions than with us. Ticks puncture the skin of the animals on which they feed by means of a projecting beak, which is armed with curved teeth, and works in a kind of sheath, to prevent the escape of all blood except that which the parasite itself is absorbing. The female tick, thus pumps herself so full of her victim's blood, that she assumes the most extraordinary dimensions.

A portion of the life of the sheep-



One of the Dwellers in a Pig.

tick, however, is not spent on the sheep, for these parasites are often found on the ground, and probably they are, to some extent, vegetable feeders. Pairing and the hatching of eggs takes place often on the ground beneath the stones, and in similar places. But, when the craving for blood returns, they climb the stalks of grasses and other plants, and, while holding on with their forelimbs, extend their other legs and the hooked claws, and then await the passing of some woolly sheep.

The Pig's Tenants.

The pig also has special parasites of its own, and is often fed upon by the ferocious-looking creature shown in our illustration. Members of this last family of parasites also patronize the fieldmouse, rat, ox, dog, ass, horse, rabbit, squirrel, camel and monkey. The parasites of these animals resemble each other very closely, although they are of somewhat different species. This last insect very like the parasite which inhabit in such quantities, our common domestic fowl. One of the common characteristics of the various genera, is the strong development of their legs, which, as the illustration shows, are as well adapted for climbing and holding firmly to their victim.

Fish, also, have parasites, one of the best known being the "pike-louse."



The Head of a Flea.

There is good reason to believe, however, that this parasite is not a torment, but rather a desired attendant. In all probability, it derives its nourishment from the mucous products secreted by the skin of the fish, and when it has satisfactorily arrayed the toilet of one fish, it abandons it for another which needs its help.

An Interesting Study.

While the study of parasites may not at first present itself as a very agreeable subject, yet it certainly possesses some exceedingly interesting features. As there are probably no animals that exist without their parasites, the study naturally provides a prodigious field for scientific work. There are many parasites that are quite familiar to scientists, yet of whose life-history little or nothing is known. While these degraded living forms are perhaps repulsive to the generality of mankind, the scientist has no more disrespect for them than he has for any other object of study. This is a fortunate fact, because some of these parasites play important parts in connection with the health and happiness of mankind.

Domestic Pests.

Occasionally we are called on to study parasites in self-defense. On this page is the picture of the head of the common bug. This objectionable creature's eggs are extremely pretty objects, when seen under the microscope, being elongate-oval in shape, and of a pearly white colour, with a shell elegantly marked with symmetrical lines and furrows. Finally, it is terminated by a lid which opens to allow the young to escape. These take about eleven weeks to reach maturity, and the adult insects live through the Winter.

An excellent example of the way in which these tiny organisms are adapted to their surroundings is shown in the photograph of the flea. It was taken from a duck, and although in general appearance all fleas may be very much alike, yet there is sufficient difference for an expert to be able, in most instances, to distinguish the animal from which the specimen was taken. These species that infest animals which, like the mole, live under-

ground or in dark places, are often blind; and there are special species of fleas for man, dog, cat, fowl, squirrel, hedgehog, pigeon, bat and many other animals.

The toothed blades with which the flea makes its puncture should be noticed; they project from the foreparts of the head, and are about twenty-times as broad as those of the bug.

Promoted to Glory.

SISTER PARDY, OF GRAND BANK.

Death has removed from our ranks Sister Esther Parady. For several years past she has been living in America, but finding her health failing, she returned to her native town with her father, who is the Treasurer of Grand Banks Corps. Her health did not improve, however.

During her long illness she was always bright and happy, and often said, "Whatever the Lord wills will satisfy me, for I have fully given myself into His hands." She died of consumption. Though not a Soldier, she desired to be buried according to our rules, and so she was given an Army funeral.

May God comfort the bereaved ones.—Adjutant A. G. Brown.

SISTER MRS. FISHER, OF FEVER-SHAM.

On Monday, April 27th, I received a telephone message from Ceylon, Ont., to the effect that one of the Feversham Soldiers, Mrs. George Fisher, had been called to her reward, and that it was her dying request that I should come and conduct her funeral service.

Mrs. Fisher had been a sufferer for many years, but in spite of the weakness of her body, she had proved herself to be one of the very best Soldiers of the Feversham Corps; always willing to do what she could in the interests of the War. I can bear testimony to the faithful and devoted life of this comrade, having been in charge of that Corps for a little over a year. During the Self-Denial effort of 1906, Mrs. Fisher was the champion collector of the whole Corps, although crippled, she diligently canvassed a district of four miles of country road in the locality in which she lived, raising three times the amount of her target. She wielded a Godly influence throughout the whole community, and I felt it an honour to be called upon to perform the last duties to the remains of such a valiant Soldier.

The funeral took place on Wednesday, April 28th. The first service was held in the Baptist Church, the house being far too small to accommodate the many friends who assembled. The Church was crowded. The Feversham Officers assisted in the service, also Rev. Mr. Kinn, who spoke of the consistent life of Sister Fisher with no uncertain sound. Sister Mrs. H. Love also spoke a few words, testifying to the help and blessing this comrade had been to her, also repeating the last testimony of Sister Fisher, "That it was well with her soul, and she was resigned to the will of God." Captain Rice then sang, "I shall know Him," the favourite song of our late comrade.

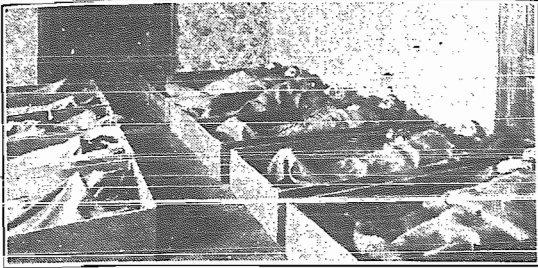
We then proceeded to Maxwell Cemetery, where another crowd was waiting. In spite of the cold wind and sleet. At the graveside, J. S.-M. Jno. Poole and J. S.-M. Jos. Henderson both spoke of the life of Mrs. Fisher, and warned the living to prepare to meet God. After a short service, I charged all present by that open grave, to meet the conditions of God for their salvation, and to live as this comrade had lived. We pledged ourselves in the words of that beautiful chorus, "I'll be true, Lord, to Thee," with our right hand raised where we sang. We then committed the body to the ground, in the sure and certain hope of meeting her again on the Resurrection Morning.

Our prayers and deepest sympathy are extended to the bereaved soul in this, his great loss.—John Harbour, Captain.

Work, joined with faith in God, overcomes all obstacles.

The service of Christ is help; the service of mammon is greed.

OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS LETTER



A Drunkards' Lodging, Cologne.

SOUTH AFRICA.

It has been decided to devote the months of May, June, and July, to a special aggressive effort which is to be called the "Out of the Ruts" Campaign. The intention is to go for the capture of individual souls, both amongst Seniors and Juniors, and to set everybody to work for this object.

INDIA and CEYLON.

An interesting ceremony took place on April 23rd, at the Territorial Headquarters at Ahmedabad, Gujarat. Colonel Sukh Singh (Blowers) conducted the wedding of Ensign Jai Singh (McCurdy) an Officer coming from the United States with Adjutant Anandi (Kelly) who is so well known in Sweden, where she acted for many years with great devotion as nurse to consumptive Officers in the Home of Rest.

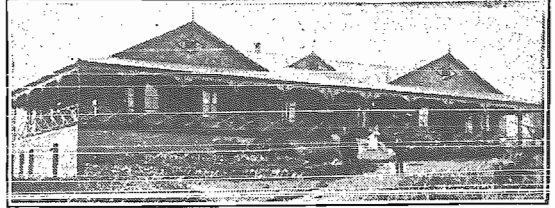
Calcutta.—Adjutant Yudha Prasad (Richardson) writes that the Work is booming in Calcutta. In spite of the great heat, which keeps the workers in a bath of perspiration, the Adjutant manages to put in eight meetings on Sunday, namely, three open-air meetings, three inside meetings, and two J. S. meetings. One recent case of conversion is that of an Englishman, who earns nearly four hundred rupees per month, and has been spending it nearly all on drink. The Adjutant visited his convert the next morning at 6 a.m., and reports him as still doing well.

Poona District.—In April, the annu-

al gathering of thousands of people of all castes at the shrines of the goddess "Meshai," in the village of Kanhur, took place. The blood of hundreds of animals was freely shed to appease the thirsty deity. We have a Corps in this place, and some of our Officers attended the festival for the purpose of preaching the Gospel.

South India.—The second Dispensary has lately been opened at Mutta-cadoo. It is well situated, facing the public road, and sheltered by big trees, under whose shade the people can sit when visiting it.

A Sudra who was present at the opening, spoke for about a quarter of



New Home on the Fairview Social Farm, Durban, South Africa.

an hour of the good done by The Salvation Army in general, and the Hospital in particular. A rich Sudra, who was an opponent to The Army for a long time, but has since become one of our friends, invited all the Officers and Band Boys to his home, where a nice repast was provided.

WEST INDIES.

Lieut. Colonel Maidment left Kingston, Jamaica, on May 8th for a Tour through the Panama and Costa Rica Divisions, and will be returning to Kingston about May 28th. Some very encouraging reports are to hand, intimating that a good soul-saving work is going on. The Colonel is hopeful of having an excellent time.

The Colonel has already visited

two-thirds of our Corps in the Island of Jamaica, and has touched 'nill the main districts in which our work is established.

AUSTRALIA.

Adelaide Metropole.—For some time our people have been greatly inconvenienced owing to the lack of sleeping accommodation. This, however, has now been obviated; as it has been arranged that the Metropole, in addition to taking over the offices formerly used by the Provincial Staff, will utilise the Junior Hall as a sleeping apartment. A number of single and double rooms will be built therein. In order to accommodate the Young People, the old Light Square Barracks has been taken over again, this being more suitable.

Mrs. Staff-Captain Lintott.—We regret to report the death of this Officer, which took place at Manly.

Mrs. Lintott's death, we understand, was very sudden. She was in her usual health in the morning, but before the evening she passed away. Mrs. Lintott had a beautiful Christian character, and made a great impression for good on the inmates of the old Men's Home at Manly.

NEW ZEALAND.

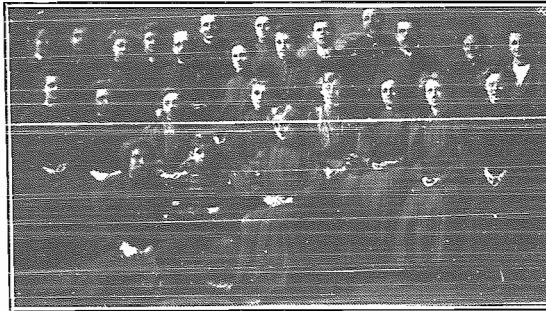
People's Palace, Wellington.—We learn that the erection of this place is progressing rapidly. It is hoped the opening ceremony will take place about the middle of this year. The building will be an imposing one, and it is felt will do much good in the thickly growing and prosperous capital of the Dominion.

The Telegraph in China.

An International Telegraph Conference is to be held this year at Lisbon, and it is stated that China will present a statement respecting the various infringements of her sovereign rights regarding telegraphs in Manchuria and elsewhere. While China undoubtedly has a grievance, the knowledge of the present condition of her telegraph administration makes it improbable that the statement will receive a favourable bearing. Her inland telegraphs are, perhaps, the worst in the world.

They belong to a private company, in which the Imperial Government has a half share. The service is deteriorating instead of improving. Seven highly competent Danes are the only foreigners employed on the telegraphs throughout the Empire. The charges are prohibitive, the average charge per word being twelve times greater than in India, and it is more expensive per word to telegraph from Peking to Tientsin, eighty miles, than from London to St. Petersburg.

We blame God for the evil which we ourselves have created.



The Peterborough Songster Brigade.

The Peterborough Songster Brigade, with Staff-Captain Goodwin and Captain Maisey in centre. This Brigade was organised by Brother Aston, and commissioned by Staff-Captain Goodwin. Their singing has already proved a great blessing and special invitations have been given them to sing at the residences of sick people.

A Trophy of Grace.

Amongst recent trophies of the Cross now at Montreal, is a man who for twelve years has been a victim of strong drink. He has a distinct personality.

Of fine, stalwart build, standing considerably over six foot, he has travelled from country to country and from city to city. Went through the South African War, and sought earnestly every means of so-called cure for the terrible drink passion which was ruining his life. He even submitted himself to intreatment in an Inebriate Asylum, but all to no purpose.

One day, while sitting in an hotel in an Eastern town, the sight of Salvation Army uniform, more or less familiar for twenty years previous, suggested a new possibility. He did not, however, then seek The Army's God, but the thought came to him, "I wonder if God could do anything for me? Would He keep me? Could He deliver me from the awful curse of an enslaved appetite?"

It was, however, reserved for an open-air meeting on a street corner at

Montreal, to bring him in. Captain Webber's solo arrested him. He followed to the Barracks, and that Saturday night the needy sinner and the All-Sufficient Saviour met, and there was joy in Heaven over his tears of repentance. Since then our comrade has proved that God does break every fetter. He is a new man in Christ Jesus. No time was lost in taking his stand amongst the people of God. The day after his conversion he attended both open-air and indoor meetings, telling what God had done for him. "When I could get drunk," said he, "I was never a week sober, but, praise God, He has indeed given me a wonderful deliverance, and I am indeed thankful."

THE BLESSINGS OF GOOD LITERATURE.

Surely, if lending and sending away papers is looked upon merely as a hobby, it is a worthy one, helping, as it does, so many lives. Like mercy, "It bleaseth him that gives, and him that takes." I have had many letters containing thanks, etc., but I usually

cut out the bits, and enclose them in letters to those who send the papers.

One woman said:—

"I gave one of The Army papers (All the World) to an old lady in the hospital. She lives out at the 'Benevolent Cottages,' Charters Towers, and one day when we were out there, she was very sick, so when we got outside we stood near the window and sang one verse of 'God Be With You Till We Meet Again.' She was so taken up with it, that when we came the next Sunday, she asked us to sing it again. We did so, and every time she sees us, she mentions something about 'God be with you.' I was looking through the papers to see anything on flowers, for a flower meeting, when I discovered—on the last page of one of the papers (All the World), the music and words of 'God Be With You Till We Meet Again.' I took it up to Grannie Parrot, and she was delighted. Just after I left an Army lassie came along, saw the paper, and asked her to lend it to her after she had read it. I promised to lend her the others that I have. I sometimes take some of the papers in my bag with me to work and lend them while I am working.—Australian War Cry."

A . . . STIRRING TALE . .

Drake: A Salvation Greatheart.

From the
British . .
War Cry.

CHAPTER XI. THE PEACEMAKER.

FEW men have so much opportunity as the policeman of witnessing the terrible consequences of wrongdoing in the tragedy of human life. Over and over again, Constable Drake met with instances of sin and suffering that appalled him, and made him, at the same time, more than ever convinced that the salvation of God is the only hope for a lost world.

One night when on duty at a South London police-station, a man came in with a little boy, nine years of age. He was in great distress of mind, the boy having told him that his wife had drowned herself and two of their children in the Thames. The little boy was the eldest of the man's three children. He was wet through, which seemed to indicate that he also had been in the water.

The constable at once went with the distracted man, first to his home, where the boy's wet clothes, was changed, then down towards the river. As they walked along, Drake questioned the child, who told the following touching story:

At about half-past eight that evening, the mother had dressed his little brother and sister, and taken them out with her.

"I can't stand your father's cruel treatment any longer," she had said to the children. "He comes home and knocks me about and half starves us, so I have made up my mind that we will all go together and end our lives in the river."

The little ones evidently did not know the full meaning of this terrible resolve; but they went with their mother willingly enough.

"When we got to the bridge," said the little fellow, "it was dark. Mother took the hand of my little brother and sister in each of hers, and I held sister's hand. Then we walked out into the river, over the mud. When we got out a good way, mother lay down in the water, holding my brother and sister, but I got frightened, and let go my sister's hand and ran ashore again. Then I went home and told father!"

Drowned With Her Children.

When they reached the edge of the river, the man whose drunkenness had caused this terrible tragedy, was stricken with remorse and fear, and his anguish was terrible to witness. They walked along in the bitter cold of the Winter night, and every minute or two the man would turn his grief-stricken face to the river, and cry out,

"Annie! Annie! let me hear your voice! Won't you speak to me again? Oh, answer me! Answer me!"

But the only reply was the soft lappling of the cold, dark water against the shore.

In the morning, when the tide went out, the bodies of the mother and two little children were found lying dead together. At the subsequent inquest the usual verdict was returned, "Suicide while of unsound mind."

To illustrate the other extreme of a policeman's experience, we may relate the story of a woman, who in a state of great excitement, approached Drake one evening, and demanded that he should at once accompany her home, and arrest her husband for slapping her face!

"Oh," replied Drake, "we cannot arrest a man in his own house for such an offence as that. You must summon him."

"I insist on him being arrested at once," said the woman, who, to judge by her appearance, was evidently in a good position in life. "What are the police for, if they are unable to

protect helpless women?" she exclaimed wrathfully. "Can't you see the cruel marks on my face?"

"I am sorry," said Drake, "but I cannot do as you wish. However, I shall be off duty in about ten minutes; if you will give me your address, I will come round and see what is the matter."

"Thank you," said the lady. "It may bring my husband to his senses when he realises that I am under the protection of the law. The cruel wretch!"

Constable Drake found the house in a select neighbourhood, and, on entering the hall, was surprised to see two large framed texts of scripture hanging on the walls! In the beautifully-furnished parlour he found the husband sitting on the sofa.

"There's the beauty, constable!" said the wife, as she pointed at him with contempt. "Be good enough to place him under arrest."

"Excuse me, sir," said Drake, addressing the gentleman in question. "I have no right in your house, but I have come hoping I can make peace. Your wife says you have assaulted her. Is that true?"

"Yes, I am sorry to say it is," replied the husband. "I will tell you all about it."



The Search For the Missing Wife.

"Are you professing Christians?" asked Drake.

"Yes," said the man. "We are. Yesterday my wife and I went to a meeting. When we came home, my wife made a remark about a young lady who was sitting near me, and of whom she was evidently jealous. I made a joke of the matter, which rather upset my wife, and at supper time she brought up the subject again. I laughed it off. This morning before I went to business, she was very nasty about the same thing, and when I came home this evening, she resumed her taunts, and made use of some very aggravating expressions. I retaliated, and the upshot of it was she pulled my nose and I slapped her face! Then she went out to fetch a policeman!"

"Is that true?" asked Constable Drake, turning to the woman.

"Yes it is," she replied.

"Then you have little ground to complain that he slapped your face," replied the constable.

The woman had resource to tears. "You're a pretty policeman to protect a defenceless woman!" she sobbed.

"I think," said Drake, "the best thing we can do is to get on our knees, and ask God to forgive you both for the disgrace you have

brought on His name by your jealousy and bad temper."

Repairing the Breach.

Husband and wife evidently feeling their position, made no difficulty about this, and the three knelt down while Drake prayed aloud, as a Salvationist might be expected to pray on such an occasion.

When they rose from their knees, the couple were looking very sheepish.

"Don't stand looking at each other as if you had never been introduced," said Drake, cheerfully. "Put your arms round each other's neck."

They needed no second bidding; in a moment their differences had disappeared—they were sweethearts again. "I will stop going to that hall if it upsets you, dear," said the man. "We can find somewhere else."

"I don't care a bit where you go, Tom," said his wife. "You can go to the hall every night if you like. I will never be so silly again!"

It must not be thought, however, that such episodes as the one we have related, were everyday occurrences in Constable Drake's life. They could only be regarded as the plums in a very heavy pudding. More often than not, peace could only be made after a

with a heavy poker, and with many an oath he declared that he would kill the first policeman who approached him.

There was a moment's consultation among the constables, then a united rush into the room where the man waited to kill them. But his threats were in vain; in a moment he was overpowered and borne to the ground. Five minutes later the prisoner was ignominiously bundled into the police-station and locked in the cells.

His sentence, when brought before the magistrates, was well-deserved—nine months' hard labour.

(To be continued.)

True Pleasures.

Once there lived a powerful King. He had crowns of gold and pearls and precious stones. Tens of thousands of men were willing to obey his bidding, and his dominion extended from sea to sea. But this great king cared nothing for God, and he was unhappy and sad.

In the domains of the king lived a poor man, who was noted for his goodness and piety. One day the king paid him a visit, and found him clothed in sackcloth, living in a cave surrounded by high rocks.

"Holy man," said the king, "I am come to learn how I may be happy." Without giving any reply, the old man led the king through the rugged pathways of the place till he brought him in front of a high rock, near the top of which an eagle had built her eyrie.

"Why has the eagle built her nest yonder?"

"Doubtless," replied the king, "that might be out of the way of danger." "Then imitate the bird," said the old man, "and build thy throne in Heaven, and thou shalt reign there unmolested and in peace."

At God's Right Hand.

Every evening as the sun Sets in yonder sky;
And the planets, one by one Sink down to die,
Let us think of those that stand,
Clothed in white, at God's right hand.

'Tis a revelation grand,
Hope of life Divine;
To be joined to that great band
For a lasting time:
And to be enrolled above,
In an everlasting love.

All will one day join that throng,
Clothed in robes of white;
None can enter that do wrong,
But alone do right:
Let us strive to reach that shore,
And rest with Him for evermore.
—John Light.

God's Promises.

A little while after the City of Jerusalem was destroyed, two Jewish rabbis were walking over the ruins. Both seemed affected at the mournful sight, one wept, the other smiled.

"Oh, how can you smile when you see our holy city in ruins?" said the weeping rabbi. "Nay," said his companion, "why do you weep?" "I weep," answered the first, "because I behold around me the fearful judgments of the Almighty. Our beautiful city is no more, our holy temple is laid waste, our brethren, when are they to come?" "Alas!" said the other, "is the reason why I smile, I see, like you, how sure God's judgments are; but I can learn how true are His promises. God has said, 'I will destroy Jerusalem.' I see He has; but He has also said, 'I will rebuild Jerusalem.' Shall I not believe His word?"

Who Cares?

(Continued from page 3.)

So these people used to ineet, and get as high up the rock as they could; and, looking toward the mainland, where they thought the Great Being was, they would cry out, "Come to us! Come, and help us!" And all this time He was down among the poor struggling, drowning creatures in the angry deep, with His arms around them, trying to drag them out, and looking up—oh! so longingly, but all in vain—to those on the rock, crying to them, with His voice all hoarse with calling, "Come to Me! Come and help Me!"

And then I understood it all. It was plain enough. That sea was the ocean of life—the sea of real, actual, human existence. That lightning was the gleaming of piercing truth coming from Jehovah's Throne. That thunder was the distant echoing of the wrath of God. Those multitudes of people shrieking, struggling, agonising in the stormy sea, where the thousands and thousands of poor harlots and harlot-makers, of drunkards and drunkard-makers, of thieves and liars, and blasphemers and ungodly people of every kindred, and tongue, and nation.

Oh, what a black sea it was! and oh, what multitudes of rich and poor, ignorant and educated were there, and all so unlike in their outward circumstances and conditions, yet all alike in one thing—all sinners before God; all held by, and holding on to, some iniquity, fascinated by some idol, the slaves of some devilish lust, and ruled by some foul fiend from the bottomless pit!

"All alike in one thing?" Nay, in two things—not only the same in their wickedness, but unless rescued, alike in their sinking, sinking, sinking, down, down, down, to the same terrible doom.

That great sheltering rock represented Calvary; and the people on it were those who had been rescued; and the way they employed their energies and gifts and time represented the occupations and amusements of those who profess to be rescued from sin and hell, and to be the followers of Jesus Christ. The handful of fierce, determined saviours were

Salvation Soldiers, together with a few others who shared the same spirit. That mighty Being was the Son of God, "the same yesterday, and to-day, and, for ever," who is still struggling to save the dying multitudes about us from this terrible doom of damnation, and whose voice can be heard, above the music, and machinery, and hue-and-cry of life, calling on the rescued to come and help Him to save the world.

My comrades, you are rescued from the waters; you are on the rock. He is in the dark sea, calling on you to come to Him and help Him. Will you go?

Look for yourselves. The surging sea of life crowded with perishing souls runs up to the very spot on which you stand. Leaving the vision, I now come to speak of the fact—fact that is real as the Bible; as real as the Christ who hung upon the Cross; as real as the Judgment Day will be, and as real as the Heaven and Hell that will follow it.

Look! Don't be deluded by appearances—men and things are not what they seem. All who are not on the rock are in the sea. Look at them from the standpoint of the Great White Throne, and what a sight you have! Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is in the midst of this dying multitude, struggling to save them. And He is calling on YOU to jump into the sea—to go right away to His side, and help Him in the holy strife.

Will you jump? That is, will you go to His feet, and place yourself absolutely at His disposal?

A Soldier came to me once, saying that for some time she had been giving her Lord her profession, and prayers, and money, and now she wanted to give Him her body. She wanted to get right into the fight. In other words, she wanted to go to His assistance in the sea. As when a man from the bank seeing another struggling in the water, lays aside those outer garments that would hinder his efforts, and leaps to the rescue, so will you who still linger on the bank, thinking, and singing, and praying about the poor perishing souls, lay aside your shame, your pride, your care about other people's opinions, your love of ease and all the selfish loves that have hindered you so long, and rush to the rescue

of this multitude of dying men.

Does the surging sea look dark and dangerous? Unquestionably it is so. There is no doubt that the leap for you, as for every one who takes it, means difficulty, and scorn, and suffering. For you it may mean more than this. It may mean death. He who calls to you from the sea, however, knows what it will mean; and knowing, He still beckons to you, and bids you come.

You must do it. You cannot hold back. You have enjoyed yourself in religion long enough. You have had pleasant feelings, pleasant songs, pleasant meetings, pleasant prospects. There has been much of human happiness, much cheering of hands, and firing of volleys—very much of Heaven on earth.

Now, then, go to God, and tell Him you are prepared as far as necessary to turn your back upon it all, and that you are willing to spend the rest of your days grappling with these perishing multitudes, cost you what it may.

You MUST do it. With the light that has now broken in upon your mind, and the call that is now sounding in your ears, and the beckoning finger that is now before your eyes, you have no alternative. To go down among the perishing crowds is your duty. Your happiness henceforth will consist in sharing their misery; your ease in sharing their pain; your crown in bearing their cross; and your heaven in going to the very jaws of hell to rescue them.

What will you do?

Ownership of Arctic.

During the past Winter, American whalers operating in the Arctic Ocean adjacent to the mouth of the Mackenzie River, and Eastward along the coasts of the islands of Beaufort Sea, have, for the first time on record, acknowledged Canadian authority in these remote regions, by the payment of customs duties. The amount collected has been comparatively small, but the principle is important, as establishing there, what has already been admitted in Hudson's Bay, the ownership of these Northern lands by the British Crown.

Music Competition.

OPEN TO MUSICAL SALVATIONISTS
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Our Bandsmen and other musical comrades throughout the world will be glad to know that the Chief of the Staff has approved the following arrangements for the competitions for the present year. The competitions will, on this occasion be divided into two classes only, as follows:—

1.—The best original vocal solo, with chorus, suitable for use in any or either kind of Salvation Army meeting.

2.—The best original march, for the use of Army Bands.

There will be no competition this year for selections, but this will take place in 1909.

As on previous occasions, the Musical Board at International Headquarters, will adjudicate on the pieces sent in, and cash prizes, accompanied by Certificates of Merit, will be as follows:—

For the best solo, 1st prize,	£22.0.
2nd "	£11.0.
For the best March, 1st "	£33.0.
2nd "	£11.5.

A Certificate of Merit will also be given to competitors taking third class.

The Competition in all classes will be open to Salvationists of all ranks in every land, excepting persons who are employed by The Army in composing or editing music.

The vocal solos must be received in London between June 1st and 30th. The Marches between September 1st and 15th.

Intending competitors are urged to make immediate application to the Territorial Headquarters, James and Albert Streets, Toronto, so that they may understand exactly what is required of them.

BAND UNIFORMS, ETC.

WE SOLICIT your patronage because we feel we can do for you what we are doing for others, viz., giving satisfaction by selling the best goods procurable at prices consistent with quality and good workmanship. We have received the following testimonials unsolicited:—

The Trade Sec'y, Toronto.

Dear Brigadier:—Received Band Tunics safe, and am glad to report that they are O.K., and as far as I have heard they are an excellent fit. Your faithfully,

W. J. OUTRAM, Band Secretary.

Montreal, Que., 5/5/08.

Dear Brigadier:—Am very pleased to state that the Band Tunics arrived all right. Workmanship and fit could not be better—everybody perfectly satisfied. I shall be writing you about the 7th, and hope by that time, to have secured orders for three or four more, which is evidence as to how we regard same.

Yours faithfully,

T. W. BRAGGER, Band Secretary Montreal IV.

Now is the opportunity for ordering Band Uniforms. Don't delay in obtaining full particulars and samples. If you are anticipating ordering a new outfit, write the Trade Secretary, who will be pleased to give you full information.

LADIES' DRESS GOODS

AND A FULL LINE OF

Serges, Cravenettes, Cashmeres and Lustres.

Samples on application.

The Trade Secretary, 18 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont.

Salvation Songs

Holiness.

Tunes.—Just as I am, 134, G and Bb;
Take all my sins away, 135; Song
Book, No. 165.

1 Just as I am—without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for
me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to
Thee,

O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark spot—
To Thee whose blood can cleanse
each blot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt, welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-
ceive,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thy love I own
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine slave,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Tunes.—Monmouth, 9, Eb and G;
Euphony, 116; Song Book, No.
466.

2 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteous-
ness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

Chorus

On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

When darkness seems to veil His
face,

I rest on His unchanging grace;
In midst of high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.

His oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the 'whirling flood';
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my Hope and Stay.

Free and Easy.

Tune.—Death is coming (vs. twice)
Song Book, No. 632.

3 Earth has many a sense of sor-
row,
Toll and care and storm;
But, there'll be a bright to-mor-
row—

In Heaven it will be calm.
Soon the conflict will be over,
Only wait a while,
Heaven's joys will last for ever,
Come, then, Soldiers, smile.

Chorus

Lovely, beautiful, golden city,
How I long for thee;
Earthly sorrow ne'er can reach thee,
All in Heaven are free.

Is that land so pure and holy,
Sickness never comes;
All its life, and health, and glory—
Life that never ends.
Lands of mansions, light and beauty—
Robes and crowns I see—
Crystal streams—transparent city—
What a home for me!

Tune.—Welcome to glory, 114 Song
Book, No. 644.

4 Oh, when shall I sweep through
the gates,
The scenes of mortality o'er.
What then, for my spirit awaits?
Will they sing on the glorified
shore?

Chorus

Welcome home! welcome home—
A welcome in glory for me;
Welcome home! welcome home!
A welcome for me!

The beautiful gates will unfold,
The home of the blood-washed I'll
see.

The city of saints I'll behold,
For, Oh, there's a welcome for me!
A sinner made whiter than snow,
I'll join in the mighty acclaim;

GREAT ANNUAL CAMP MEETINGS

Will be Held at

Dufferin Grove

From

Saturday, June 20, to Monday, July 26.

Programme as Follows:

SATURDAY, JUNE 20th.—Opening Night.—THE CHIEF SECRETARY, and
Territorial Staff Band.

SUNDAY, JUNE 21st.—THE CHIEF SECRETARY and Territorial Staff
Band.

MONDAY, JUNE 22nd.—Lieut.-Colonel Howell.

TUESDAY, JUNE 23rd.—Staff-Captain Walton and Temple Band.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24th.—Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin.

THURSDAY, JUNE 25th.—THE CHIEF SECRETARY and Dovercourt
Band.

FRIDAY, JUNE 26th.—Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.

SATURDAY, JUNE 27th.—Brigadier Taylor and Cadets.

SUNDAY, JUNE 28th.—THE COMMISSIONER and Riverdale Band.

MONDAY, JUNE 29th.—Adjutant McEhene and Riverdale Band.

TUESDAY, JUNE 30th.—Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1st.—Dominion Day.—THE COMMISSIONER and
City Corps and Bands United.

THURSDAY, JULY 2nd.—Adjutant Kendall and Lippincott Band.

FRIDAY, JULY 3rd.—THE CHIEF SECRETARY.

SATURDAY, JULY 4th.—Brigadier Taylor and the Cadets.

SUNDAY, JULY 5th.—THE COMMISSIONER and Territorial Staff Band.

MONDAY, JULY 6th.—Closing Night.—THE COMMISSIONER and City
Corps and Bands United.

Note.—Tent accommodation will be provided on the grounds for Offi-
cers, Soldiers and Friends.—Apply early to Brigadier Taylor, 135 Sherbourne
Street, Toronto.

And shout through the gates as I go—
"Salvation to God and the Lamb!"

Salvation.

Tunes.—Blessed Lord, in Thee, 163;
Austria, 162; Song Book, No. 169.

5 Pity, Lord, a wretched sinner,
One whose sins for vengeance
cry;

Groaning 'neath his heavy burden,
Throbbing heart and heaving sigh.
O my Saviour!
Canst Thou let a sinner die?

He will save thee—He has promised
To attend unto thy prayer;
Still he cries, in faltering accents,
Jesus, Oh, in mercy spare!

Spare the sinner;
Jesus, Oh, in mercy spare!

Oh, how swift Divine compassion
Rushes to meet the mourning soul!
And with words of consolation
Makes the wounded spirit whole!
"I'm thy Saviour!"—
Let this truth thy heart console.

Tunes.—The wounds of Christ, 191;
The Lion of Judah, 190; Song
Book, No. 23.

6 Dark shadows were falling, my
spirit appalling,
For hid in my heart sin's deep
crimson stains lay;
And when I was weeping, the past
o'er me creeping,
I heard of the blood which can
wash sin away.

Chorus

The wounds of Christ are open.
Sinner, they were made for thee;
The wounds of Christ are open,
There for refuge flee.

It soothes all life's sorrows, it
smooths all its furrows,
It binds up the wounds which trans-
gression has made;
It turns night to morning, so truly
adorning
The spirit with joy when all other
lights fade.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Captain Buntun, Western Province,
London 11, June 6-8.
Captain Matier, Western Province—
Chesley, June 6-8; Collingwood,
June 9-11; Midland, June 12-14.
Ensign Ash, Eastern Province—
Shediac, June 8; Newcastle, June
9, 10; Campbellton and Outposts,
June 11-14.
Captain Backus, Eastern Province.
St. John III., June 9, 10; St. John
II., 11, 12; Carleton, June 13-16.

MISSING.

To Parents, Relations and Friends

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe,
belonging, and, as far as possible, send word to their
children, or anyone a difficulty. Address: Commissioner of
the Envoys. One dollar should be sent. If possible, let
the advertisement of a photo is desired to be
inserted with the advertisement to look for missing persons.
which amount must be sent with the photo. Only
soldiers, and friends are requested to look for missing persons.
this column, and notify the Commissioner if they are able to give
any information about persons advertised for.

First Insertion.

6690. SAYER,
PERCY, age 21;
height 5ft., 3in.;
fair complexion;
clean shaven;
walks with stoop.
Last known ad-
dress, Hamilton,
Ont. Brother very
anxious for news.



6662. ROBB, ANDREW L.; Scotch-
man; married; age 48; height 5ft., 7in.;
dark brown hair; hazel eyes and
ruddy complexion. Had worked in
Grand Forks, U.S.A., but his last
known address was Winnipeg, Man.

6663. ALLAN, J. EDWARD, on
JACK ALLAN; missing two years;
wrote home from Red Deer Lumber
Camp—C. O. Burrows, N.W.T.; has
been in Stratton, Canada, age 35;
height 5ft., 7in.; brown hair; brown
eyes; fair complexion; builder by
trade.

6666. NASSO, MARTIN; Norwe-
gian; age 26; dark complexion; tall;
last heard of from Ballard, Wash., and
was just leaving for Fairbanks, Ala-
ka. This was in June, 1907.

6664. TILLERY Sisters, ELIZA-
BETH and JANE. Jane is married to
a gentleman called McNair. Eliza-
beth was last heard of from Hamilton,
Ont. Sister Emma anxiously enquires.
Communicate with above address.

6648. TALLAKSEN, HAAKON,
age 26; short; heavy, dark hair; Nor-
wegian; left Norway March, 1905;
last known address was Souris, North
Dakota, U.S.A.; wife anxious.

6650. SKELTON, JAS. ALFRED,
age 30; married; came to Canada
fifteen years ago; was sent out by
McAersson's Home, from England.

6660. McDUFF, WALDON; age 30;
height 6ft.; black hair; dark eyes;
fair complexion; last known address
was Minnesota, U.S.A.; mother anx-
ious.

661. WAJJACE, ALFRED; Eng-
lish; age 40; height 5ft., 7in.; fair
complexion; last heard of in Dixie,
near Toronto, Ont.; may have gone
out West; he is used to farming.

6602. FREEMAN, WILLIAM; age
28; height 5ft., 4in.; with black hair;
dark eyes, and dark complexion; last
known address was Oakwood P.O.,
Ont. Likely to be on a farm.

6658. DESMOND, JOHN; age 5ft.;
fair complexion; supposed to be sail-
ing on "Lizzie Wright," bound for
Bristol, as mate; last known address
was Liverpool, England. Sister very
anxious.

6659. KINRADE, WM. GEORGE.
English; age 21; height 5ft., 11in.;
hair is light-sandy; light blue eyes;
rather olive-skinned, with fresh col-
our; last known address was Toronto
Junction; quiet disposition; likes to
say; fond of reading and smoking;
he has a very noticeable scar on
thumb.

6656. OLIVER, HENRY CHARLES;
single; age 27; height 6ft., 8in.; red-
brown hair; grey eyes; fresh com-
plexion; worked on C.P.R., as an en-
gineer in dining-room; he is an Eng-
lishman, of an active, cheery, and
sensible.

Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs

will visit

London, Wednesday, June 10.

Re-opening Service of the Rescue and
Maternity Hospital, at 3 p.m.

Simcoe, Ont., Sunday, June 14,

Assisted by

THE TERRITORIAL STAFF BAND.

COLONEL SOWTON.

Ottawa 1, Saturday, Sunday and
Monday, July, 11th, 12th and 13th.

LIEUT.-COLONEL GASKIN.

Ottawa 1, Saturday, Sunday and
Monday, June 20th, 21st and 22nd.

BRIGADIER TAYLOR.

Belleville, Saturday and Sunday,
June 6th and 7th.

(All intending Candidates please
see the Brigadier.)

BRIGADIER COLLIER.

Lindsay, Saturday and Sunday,
June 20th and 21st, accompanied
by Peterborough Band.

MAJOR SIMCO.

West Toronto, Sunday, June 7th.

STAFF-CAPTAIN MANTON.

Windsor, Saturday, Sunday and
Monday, June 6th, 7th and 8th.

ADJUTANT AND MRS. WHITE.

Quebec, Saturday and Sunday, June
13th and 14th.

The Territorial Staff Band

Simcoe, Saturday and Sunday, June,
13th and 14th.
Huntsville, June, 27th and 28th.